The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XXII OCTOBER, 1935 No. 10

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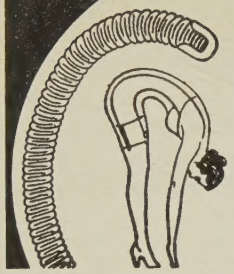

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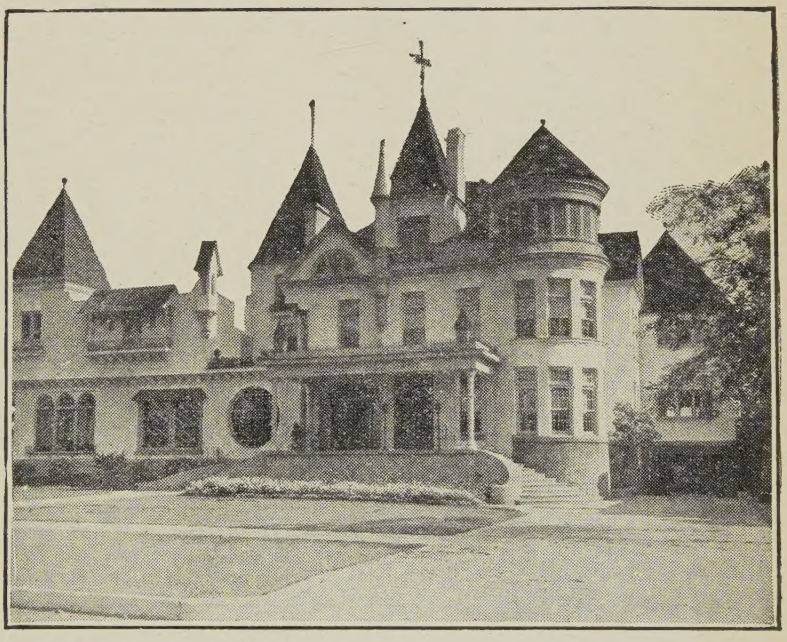

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII OCTOBER, 1935 No. 10

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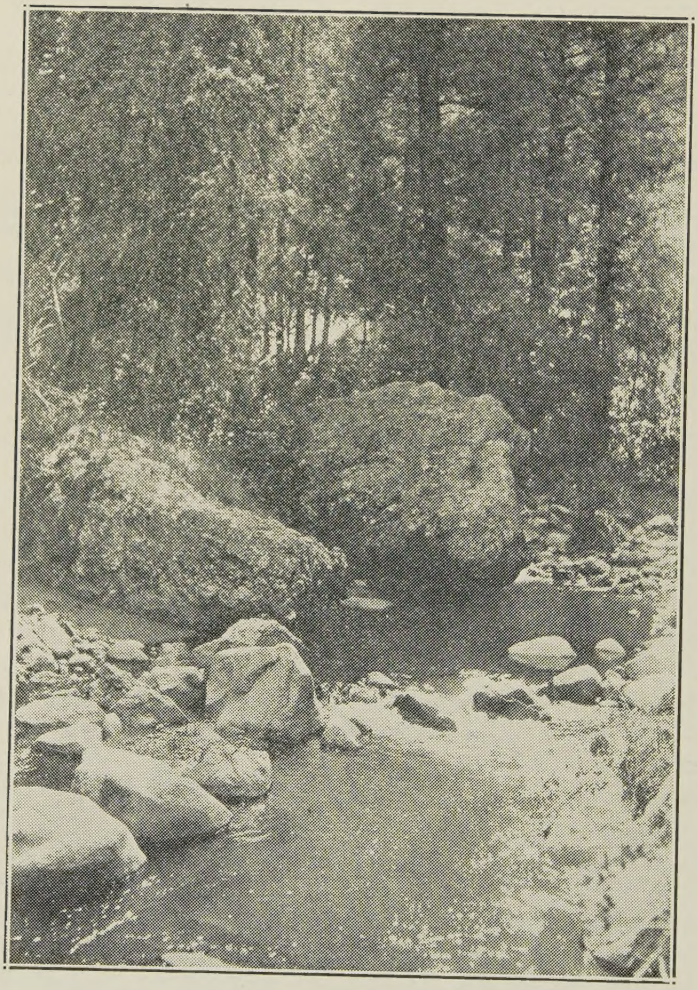
Drouth

By Grace Zenor Pratt

In that far land of long ago, where famine reigned for seven years;
Where streams were stayed and thirst remained unquenched,
A stern-browed prophet climbed a mountain high, and prayed—
And rising, saw a cloud no larger than his hand
Spread over all the sky, and raindrops fell . . .
And seeing this, he thanked his God . . . the drouth was stayed.

We see no cloud, day after day, the sky is burning brass;
The lowing cattle stand beside the stagnant pools, athirst.
The brooklets all have ceased to be; the river, once so turbulent
Is now a thread between its sandy banks.
The very leaves turn yellow, falling ere their time;
Mournful the wind and sere the falling leaf.
The cricket chirps in pastures brown and bare—
Cornfields lie withered, famine stalks the land . . .
Water! . . . We watch the distant horizon, our thoughts a prayer
For one small cloud, the darkening sky . . . the wind . . . the rain
Upon this parched and thirsty earth—
That with that man of old who knelt to pray,
We, too, might kneel to say
"We thank Thee, God!"



A TROUT STREAM IN NEW MEXICO

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII OCTOBER, 1935 No. 10

Fourfold Culture

By Judge Nephi Jensen

IT was one of those thrilling moments in the history of scientific discovery. An excited throng had gathered about the Leaning Tower of Pisa, one fine day early in the Seventeenth Century.

At that time the philosophy of Aristotle was held in very high favor by the learned. This Greek philosopher had by a process of simple reasoning arrived at the conclusion that the speed of falling bodies vary according to their relative weights. The rumor had got out, in Pisa, that a professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa was about to make some experiment that might reflect upon the accuracy of Aristotle's conclusion. The circulation of this report was the occasion for the gathering of the populace.

While the throng waited in expectancy, the mathematician Galileo calmly ascended the tower, carrying two weights, one that weighed one pound and one that weighed three pounds. When he reached the top of the tower he unceremoniously dropped the weights at the same moment; and in spite of Aristotle's solemn conclusion, and the belief of the world for over a thousand years, the two weights struck the ground at the same instant.

Owing to the gross superstition of the times, the assembled believers in Aristotle's philosophy concluded that some evil power had aided Galileo; and as a consequence he was forced to resign his position as professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa.

IT is a very simple incident. And yet it has tremendous historical significance. It was one of the humble pioneering attempts at ascertaining truth by experimentation, out of which came the great modern scientific method that has flooded our world with the glory of light and truth.

The circumstance is interesting here for the reason that it exemplifies one of the accepted ways of learning truth. It gives us a simple understandable illustration of the scientific truth seeker at his specialized task.

Discovery of truth is a basic aspect of the educative enterprise. The contributions of the scientific discoverer of truth to the efficiency, convenience, health, comfort, pleasure, enlightenment and technological skill of man are marvelous beyond human power to estimate. The effectiveness of the scientific fact finding process in the physical and technological realms is so manifest that it is sometimes thought of as identical with the whole learning process.

There is grave danger in this tendency to make fact finding and truth discovering the sum total of the cultural life. There are a great many vital truths we do not, and cannot learn in the test tube or with the measuring devices of physical science.

A GLIMPSE at a thinker at his exalting task will furnish convincing proof that all of man's intellectual development is not the result of scientific fact finding.

HERBERT SPENCER, the man of profound meditation, was seated at his desk. About him were untold volumes on the origin of the theories of right and wrong. He was at work on his monumental work, Principles of Ethics. Just at the time we are referring to he was writing his chapter on the biological aspects of goodness and badness. As he meditated and wrote, he left for us this conclusion. "Human life is the highest thing in the world." From this basic premise he concluded that everything that tends to degrade or destroy human life is bad; and that everything that tends to improve and ennoble human life is good.

What was Herbert Spencer doing here? He was not discovering truth by scientific experimentation. He was merely meditating. He was philosophizing. Or, in other words, he was correlating or unifying truth in the moral realm.

This process of arriving at truth by determining its place in a system of truth, is also a valued way of learning. In fact, this method of ascertaining the relation of a given truth to the sum total of truth is the only way we can evaluate a moral truth. We cannot take Herbert Spencer's conclusion about goodness and badness into the scientific laboratory and there determine its accuracy. Truths in the field of ethics are measured philosophically.

Let us now for a moment leave the scientist and philosopher and look at another aspect of the learning process.

IT was a warm sultry day. A man of some culture stood looking at a framed bit of winter scene, which had been touched into realistic life by the deft touch of artistic genius. As the elderly coatless man looked with esthetic delight at the artistic creation, he remarked meaningfully.

"It is so real it almost makes you feel cool."

Here we have an example of another way of becoming aware of truth. This man of culture did not come by his knowledge of the element of the beautiful by a process of experimentation nor by philosophical meditation. He actually felt and experienced the truth he expressed by a sort of sympathetic appreciation.

John Burroughs, the great naturalist, who was not only an eminent scientist but also a real artist in the field of literary craftsmanship, in his essay "A Prophet of the Soul," distinguishes the way the scientist learns from the way the artist learns. He says, "We do not know a work of art in the same way that we know a work of science or a product of analytical reasoning; we know it as we know those we are in sympathy with; it does not define itself to our intellect; it melts into our souls."

Burrough's conclusion is profoundly true. We learn the pleasure of the realistic blending of light and shadow in the picture, the endearing charm of a cherished bit of landscape, and the delight of poetic rhythm as we "learn to know those we are in sympathy with."

LET us now take a glimpse at still another learning process. In the early thirties of the last century there was living in the state of Ohio a young college graduate of lofty mind and pure aspirations. Through his sister he was induced to investigate Mormonism. As a result of his reading the Book of Mormon he became convinced of the divinity of the religion which his sister had already espoused. He was baptized into the Church.

After his initiation into the Church he became deeply anxious to learn from a divine source whether the religion of his recent espousal was really true. He sought a secluded spot near his home and sought in devout earnest prayer for the desired testimony. The young man's account of that sincere appeal of faith is most interesting. He says that while he prayed the Spirit of God completely enveloped him and filled him from head to foot with light, life and unspeakable joy and glory. All darkness left him; and he felt the presence of a refulgent "light and knowledge."

This young man became the fifth president of the Church. His experience here referred to exemplifies what we might call the inspirational method of learning truth. He attained absolute certainty regarding a vital religious truth by the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Or, in other words, he was made alive to truth by the awakening power of the Holy Ghost.

It was this type of experience the Master had in mind when he spoke of the Spirit of Truth "guiding into all truth;" and that impelled Moroni to say, "By the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things."

It would not be doing violence to the text to make Moroni's words read, "By the power of the Holy Ghost you may be made alive to all truth." For the real effect of the inspiration of the Spirit is to awaken us to the reality of the beautiful, the good and the true. Or, in other words, inspiration is an intensification of the power to know, feel and enjoy beauty, goodness and truth.

This idea of becoming alive to truth by the quickening power of the Spirit is one of the great corner stones of the Master's philosophy of human development. He speaks of "entering into life" as the highest quest of the finest souls; and declares that it was his specific task to give his followers "the abundant life."

"Entering into life," as the Master understood it, means essentially becoming intensely alive to the deep things of God; and to become abundantly alive is the attainment of "the abundant life." The possession of this deeper and fuller life is the distinctive thing that entitles one to be called spiritual.

The abundant life is essentially the life to the spirit. It is intensified spirituality. And spirituality is that liveliness of spirit that intensifies appreciation of the beautiful, deepens love for the truth, kindles love for the good, and makes the heart beat in harmony with the moral forces of the world, enhances delight in the realization of high ideals, and quickens in the soul the joy of being in actual partnership with God in the perfection and ennoblement of mankind.

THE attainment of spirituality is the highest aspect of culture. This spiritual refinement and ennoblement comes through working in the spiritual laboratory—the laboratory of prayer and worship, fellowship and communion with the Divine.

We learn the truths of the physical

realm by scientific investigation and experimentation. We learn the relation of a moral truth to the sum total of truth, through philosophical meditation. We learn the charm of the beautiful through sympathetic appreciation. And we learn the truth about our relationship to the Divine and eternal through inspiration.

A complete culture involves discovering truth, unifying and systematizing truth, artistic glorification of truth, and the intensification of the power to know and feel the truth through the inspiration of the Spirit of Truth.

THE inspiration of the spirit is the only means of certainty regarding life's deepest spiritual experiences. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the late eminent psychologist recognized this fundamental truth. He asserts that "The supreme criterion of truth in the realm of human experience, as distinguished from physical science, is that it rings true to the individual soul." This "ringing true to the individual soul" is a kind of inspiration.

Why should we doubt the inspirational side of the cultural life? You have on many a radiant morning walked into a flower garden, when the hearts of the roses were breaking under the kisses of the sunlight; and when you came near the flowers you were awakened to esthetic delight by an unseen something that radiates from the soul of the rose. You call it fragrance. But what is fragrance? You do not know. No one knows. The scientist with all his marvelous instruments of technology, has never caught the fragrance of a rose in his test tube and analyzed it and determined its chemical constituents. And yet you know as certainly as you know anything that the fragrance of the rose ministers to your purest delight, by a sort of inspiration.

Saints and prophets of all ages solemnly aver that there is a Spirit, like the fragrance of a rose—a Spirit of light, life and joy—that radiates from the presence of God, and that when the human heart is pure this divine Spirit inspires the soul with the unspeakable delight of being in absolute harmony with the God of goodness, beauty and truth.

If you cannot deny the inspiration of a rose, why should you doubt the inspiration of the Spirit of Truth?

There is a time and place within the scope of the larger culture for scientific investigation, philosophical meditation, artistic appreciation and spiritual inspiration. If we would enjoy the full fruits of this complete culture we must keep companionship with the books of science from which we obtain facts, live with the books of philosophy from which we receive ideas and ideals, enjoy the books of literary art from which we derive esthetic delight, and receive life from the divine books of spiritual power; and participate whole heartedly in all the activities that promote the discovery of truth, the systematization of truth and the glorification of truth.

Three Kinds of Trouble

HOW many kinds of trouble do you bear at one time? Edward Everett Hale said, "We should never attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

Music

By Kate M. Barker

MUSIC has always been an important part of our church service. The Prophet Joseph organized the first choir and was a regular attendant at rehearsals. He admonished the saints to cultivate as high a state of perfection in their music as the standard of the faith which he had brought was superior to sectarian religion.

In revelation God speaks to man and in prayer man speaks to God. In song God comforts man and man expresses his undying trust in God. Thus song is both revelation and prayer. No Latter-day Saint group can sing "Come, Come Ye Saints" without being spiritually helped. It tells of God's promise to his people and of that people's sublime faith in God. Each generation as they sing it can recapture something of the strength and courage received by that band of pioneers and apply it to their own particular problems.

The gospel is the Lord's plan to bring about the development and happiness of man. The church with its different organizations is the machinery for the realization of this plan.

THE Lord understands human nature. He knows what is needed for complete development and happiness. He knows that man has certain fundamental spiritual hungers—for peace and hope and communion with God. The church was organized to help satisfy these hungers. It is the center of true religious education. But religious education means more than to impart this logical information. A knowledge of God's laws and of his dealings with man are important, but it is even more important to have a close relationship to the Lord and a feeling of reverence for all things associated with him. For this longing to worship is a very fundamental spiritual hunger which must be satisfied and our churches to perform the highest service must help to satisfy it.

WORSHIP is a natural longing. In worship the soul of man is lifted up toward and into communion with the Infinite. "It is the divinity within us reaching up to the divinity above."

Emerson says:—

"'Tis certain that worship stands in some commanding relation to the health of man, to his highest powers, so as to be in some manner, the source of intellect."

"In true worship man is at his best. It is the moment of clearest insight, highest aspiration and most devout consecration. For the time at least the best in one is in the ascendent and reaches out to God not only in longing but in willingness to do his will."

In our very simple church services where we have no elaborate ritual, it is easy to neglect the worship. We have music, prayer and the sacrament. We have stressed the teaching side of our service as it pertains to teaching the laws of the gospel, but I am afraid we have not made the most of our opportunity for true worship in our music, and the Lord delights in the song of the righteous.

SOME one has called a hymn "a little sermon in verse." "An echo of a great soul-giving lyrical expression to a truth apprehended through a high experience, in words that both use the common speech and transcends it." We all have feelings —feelings that to us are inexpressible. In our songs a poet has expressed these feelings.

A hymn expreses a poet's experience higher than our own. He clothes it in words of beauty. Through the song we can express our feelings and gain a vision of and longing for the heights he has reached. "For a true hymn is conceived in the feelings, and is most often born from some poignant personal experience, and aims to awaken the feeling in others."

But feeling must have its roots in understanding if it is to be more than mere excitement. Thus feeling and understanding must go hand in hand.

Music in our services has a twofold purpose. It creates the desired spiritual atmosphere for the service. It stimulates the worshipful attitude and prepares the setting for the whole meeting. It is also a means of self-expression and opportunity to satisfy our spiritual hunger to worship—to pour out our hearts to God in praise and thanksgiving. For in the church services as in all of life all receiving and no giving means spiritual death.

IF listening is all we have to do at church we might enjoy a service over the air. But the fellowship of worship imparts a blessing that a radio service can never give. Group singing is a social experience. It is a spiritual fellowship and we receive much from the group.

And here lies the opportunity for constructive worship. After a lesson or talk where our minds have been stimulated, our emotions touched, the soul desires appropriate expression.

We should understand the spirit of the song so we can really express our feelings. "I do not care how fine the tones are without the proper spirit, the song is worthless. Spirit, that is the word, without feeling it the singer cannot transmit it to others. It is the idea behind the song that gets it over."

This does not mean we should not strive for fine tone and technique: Any offering to the Lord should be as beautiful as we can make it. The Lord at one time rebuked a people for not giving their best in offerings. How important it is then to learn the words of the songs, so as not to be a slave to the books but be free to pour out our spirit in love and thanksgiving.

If we recognize that music is one of the most important parts of our service, because it means worship, then we realize the care that should be taken in choosing both the song and the musical instrument.

The musician has a message for the congregation just as the speaker has, and should receive the same respect, attention and prayerful help. He is our mouthpiece and if we are one of the worshipers we should say in our hearts what he is expressing.

The musicians should realize too that they have a great responsibility. They have not been asked to entertain, nor been given an opportunity to display a beautiful voice or skill in performance but have been honored in being given an opportunity to use their talent as spokesman for the group in expressing thanks, praise, and prayer to God in a fine spirit of worship.

The music chosen should be such as will add to the spiritual atmosphere of the service.

We wish to feel that the one who thus expresses our devotion is just as sincere as the one who utters the prayer for the group, that he is joining us in worship. This spirit is disturbed when the musician leaves before the close of the service. Are there not enough musicians in our church that one need not accept two invitations for the same hour?

THERE is a spiritual message in every church service. Just as the reception of the radio message is clearer and finer when there is no static, so the reception of the spiritual message in the hearts of the people is finer and clearer the less disturbance there is.

Cannot the Relief Society help to raise the standards of the music in all of our church services—in making of it a very dignified sublime part of the program—in making it—as it was meant to be—a pouring out of our hearts in worship? Such worship would be good for our souls.

In Embryo

By Hattie C. Jenson

If not for me the laurels
Of a poet's noble brow—
I still can see the beauty
Of a sunset's crimson glow.

I can thrill with joy and rapture
At a strain of music sweet;
And the press of baby fingers
Fills my soul with joy complete.

On the mountain, in the valley—
On the lake, or by the stream—
Poetic fancies fill my being
As I sit and idly dream.

Or, in action, in the battle
Of my daily life's demands—
I can feel the power of genius
Near; yet far from me it stands.

When the winter storms are raging
With a tempest, wide and wild—
Or the summer rain is falling,
With a patter soft and mild—
When the lightning shafts are darting
And the fearsome thunders roar—
Why! poetic inspiration
Fills my soul with urging pow'r
To express, in rhyme and meter,
Rhapsodies (my soul enthralled),
To the infinite, majestic,
Glory, beauty of it all!

Is it God who speaks within me,
Bringing memories from afar,
That my soul expands, and throbbing,
Strives to ope' the gate ajar,
For a broader sense, and vision,
Of a glory once my own,
When my spirit found expression
As I worshipped at His throne?

Ah! perhaps the spark of genius
Prisoned in this earthly day,
May in heaven find expression
At some future, glorious day!
Then, with free, poetic fervor,
Tethered now within my soul—
I may sing with joy and gladness,
Not a fragment—but the whole.

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie C. Carroll

V

LINDA'S firstborn was eight years old. Today was Eddie's birthday and he was going to have a party. There were two other children now. Jenny Lind was five and Mark would soon be two. Linda and Henry still lived in Ike Lacy's house. They had built on two more rooms, piped in the water, painted the house and fence, and planted lawns and flowers.

This morning while Linda was busy preparing for the birthday party, Ike had come to see her. He had written repeatedly to ask if they didn't want to buy the place, but they had always told him they had no way of doing that, and besides they were not planning to remain in Cedar Basin.

Ike had looked over the place before coming into the house and Linda could see that he was greatly pleased.

"It's some joke," he said, "Me writin' to ask you folks to buy *my* place. Why didn't you write back and ask what I'd give you for *your* place? When I walked down the durned street, I thought I was lost. I couldn't find that old house Cissy and me had built and lived in fur near twenty years; but here was this stylish looking house standin' where ours ought to be."

"You don't mind our changing it, do you? You remember we wrote and told you we were fixing it up from time to time. We wanted to do that to pay for living in it—you charging so little rent."

"Well, you've made some place out of it. If Cissy was with me I wouldn't be surprised if she wouldn't want to stay. It looks like you've been renovatin' the whole town too. It don't look like Cedar Basin to me. When you come here they wasn't a house in the whole burg had any paint on, was they?"

"Some of them had been painted," Linda laughed. "That's what gave us the idea of setting the fashion again."

"Well, you've done wonders; I wouldn't a thought it could be done. And it all started, I was just thinkin' as I walked around, with your bringin' that piano of yours here, and puttin' it in the church and givin' lessons free to the kids. We can't ever thank you for what you done for Emmie. She's gone right on with her music and is still doin' fine, and they tell me that Phoebe Larson is in Boston playin' in a church."

"Yes," said Linda, "we're very proud of Phoebe." She thought of the time when she herself had dreamed of studying in Boston or New York and becoming a great pianist or singer. That seemed ages ago. Yet she knew she loved music as much as if she had gone on. Now her dream was that some time one or more of her children would achieve the goals she had once set for herself.

"Is that the same piano?" Ike asked as he looked through the door leading to the next room.

"Yes, the very same. Perhaps you didn't know that we got up some programs and had bazaars and a few other such things, and finally raised enough money to buy an organ for the church. After that, I

brought the piano home because I couldn't go away to give lessons after the babies began to come—and I couldn't give up giving lessons." Linda thought happily of all the little fingers she had guided over those ivory keys during her nine years in Cedar Basin.

"I just bet you couldn't," Ike laughed. "But didn't I hear once that you sold the piano? What was it? To pay for a doctor to come out when someone was sick, wasn't it? I know how awful Cissy and me felt when we heard it."

"Oh, but didn't you hear the lovely thing that happened afterwards, when we got it back? That's why I keep giving music lessons free, Ike. I'm selfish. I get such enormous pay in the long run. You were the first one to start my dividends, and you'll never know what it meant when you let us come here to live just because I'd given Emma a few lessons."

"Well, we always felt guilty for chargin' you anything, after all you'd done for her, and hearin' how you was fixin' the place up. Cissy and me has said a lot of times, 'Well, we'll just wait till they git ready to buy, then we'll make it up to them,' and if we can't do it that way we'll do it some other way. But what happened about your piano?"

"It was when Eddie was born that we sent for Dr. Grieg. We'd heard he wouldn't come for less than five-hundred dollars, and we thought the baby was dying. So we sold the piano to Jim Bancroft. He'd wanted it before on the mortgage he holds on the farm."

"And that old *skinflint would take* it after all you'd done for the town."

"I did hope that maybe he'd leave it in the church, or that I at least might rent it to keep on giving lessons. But before I was able to be around, Henry came home one night and said the Bancrofts were going to move and would take the piano.

"Well, I didn't sleep at all that night. I've decided since that it's wrong to let oneself become so attached to *things,* but it just seemed like that piano was a part of me. I learned another lesson, too, out of that experience. That it's foolish to suffer over things before they happen.

"Here Henry and I were going about like two funerals while—what do you think was happening? The minister, Reverend Mr. Stone was visiting every home in town and getting people to sign a paper that they'd give so much to Jim Bancroft if he'd leave the piano. And the very day I thought it was going away without my ever seeing it again, here came a grand surprise party—the whole town with picnic and speeches and as a glorious climax, a paper signed by Jim Bancroft that the piano was ours again."

Linda stopped rolling gingerbread and wiped her eyes. Recalling that scene always choked her.

"It was no more than they had ought to a done," declared Ike blowing his nose. "All I wish is that Cissy and me had been here."

"How's Henry's Ma?" he asked a moment later.

"About the same. She's still troubled with rheumatism and doesn't get around much. They still have more than their share of troubles. The farm doesn't make enough to quite keep up the taxes and the interest on the mortgage, and every year a little more of the land has to be sold. Yet Mrs. Bowers and Melville always think its going to pay better next year and are not willing to give it up and all of us get out somewhere else and start over."

"That's what I had to do. This is a Godforsaken part of the country," Ike said. "It sure wasn't meant for farmin'. No one has made a decent

livin' off the land since the place was settled over sixty years ago. I don't blame you and Henry for not wantin' to settle here permanent. Where do you expect to go?"

"Our plans never get that far. I sometimes feel that we'll never get away. That's why we're trying to make the best of things as we go along—planting trees and flowers and buying a piece of good furniture or a picture once in a while—even when we can't afford it. Henry doesn't feel that he should leave when the others want to hold onto the land."

"It's a bad situation. I'm sorry, and I believe if Ed Bowers had a lived he'd a pulled out long ago. He was beginnin' to see how hopeless it all was before he had his stroke. Course now, if somebody'd strike that oil we used to think was in the basin, things would be different. But I guess everybody's purty much stopped talkin' about it."

"Why, I never heard that there was such talk," said Linda surprised.

"Oh, yes. That's how the basin come to be settled. It was Jim Bancroft's granddad that come out here first. He claimed that some expert had told him the country was rich with oil and he got different ones to come out. My father was one, and Hen's grandpa. That's what brought all the first settlers. They didn't find oil, and they didn't have money to go no place else; so they started to farm. And as I was sayin', this place wasn't meant for farmin'. Later folks thought maybe old Jake Bancroft had just started that oil story to get a bunch of suckers to pay him the filin' fee he was supposed to be collectin' for the goverment. Leastwise, the Bancrofts has always been the only one's in town with any money."

Ike stood up and apologized for staying so long.

Linda insisted on his having a glass of lemonade and a piece of gingerbread.

"Just a taste of Eddie's party," she explained.

WHILE he was eating, her son called her to the other room where he and his little sister were making favors for the birthday guests. When Linda came back there was a frown of worry between her eyes.

"Ike," she asked, "did you and your wife ever feel that you were at the end of your wits to know what to do with some of the problems you had with your children?"

"I reckon all parents who really care about their kids are feelin' that way purty much of the time." He held out his hand and said goodbye.

Linda stood looking out of the window, still undecided what to do about her problem. Since his infancy Eddie had shown a strain of selfishness or greed they had been unable to root out. She had worked hard to try to help him overcome it, for she realized that such a thing could warp his whole life. Last night she had made paper daisies and written nursery rhymes on the petals and pasted a brightly polished penny in the center of each. These were to be the favors. Eddie had seemed delighted, and was happy when his mother had showed him how to write the names of his friends on the flower stems.

When he had called to her, however, it was to show her that he had taken all the pennies from the flowers and that he and Jenny were painting yellow centers in with their crayons.

"See, Mommy," he had cried. "*I* can have the pennies, and the flowers look all the prettier this way."

Linda had looked at him for a moment in dismay. Her impulse had

been to snatch the pennies from the grasping little hand and to punish him for his naughtiness. She had purposely devised the plan to give him the pleasure of giving. But she realized that she must not spoil his birthday, and that she must try to find a way to make him want the other children to have the pennies. So she had told him to finish painting the hearts in the flowers and that she would come back in a few moments.

What was she to do? In everything else he was so dear. But she must find some way to help him overcome that weakness.

The clock struck twelve. She set the table for the children's lunch. Henry had taken his to the field where they were harvesting.

Linda showed the children the gingerbread men she had been making and the plates of sandwiches all ready for the party. They knew, too, that there was a freezer of ice cream in the cellar, which Daddy had turned before going to the field. Eddie's black eyes danced with happiness, and all the time he kept jingling the pennies in the pocket of his blouse.

BEFORE they were through eating, the baby awoke from his morning nap, and while Linda was caring for him Thad's young wife Kathie came. She had offered to help with the party. Linda had still thought of no solution for the problem of the pennies.

"How is everybody?" she asked Kathie.

"Oh, the old lady thinks she's worse and Dicky is bad again. Effie said if you aren't too tired after the party, she wishes you would come up. You are the only one who can make him forget his poor legs."

"Of course I'll go. I intended to run up last night, but I was so busy."

"Linda, I just can't stand staying there," Kathie cried. "Won't you and Hen let Thad and me come here and live with you? We could have a tent to sleep in and I could help you with the kids. Please, Linnie, say we can come. It's just hell living there with the old lady and Mel. I'm afraid I'll get to hating Thad too if we don't get away."

"Hush, Kathie. You mustn't talk like that." Linda looked significantly at the children. She felt terribly sorry for the girl, knowing only too well what she was going through. "I've been thinking of a plan I'll talk to you about a little later. Now we must get busy with the party—mustn't we, sonny?"

"Yes," Eddie answered with importance. "There'll be twenty-five of them, Aunt Kathie, and I've got twenty-five pennies. See." He drew the coins from his pocket.

"All that money besides the books and the harmonica and the pocket knife you showed us this morning? My goodness, Eddie, I wish I could have a birthday."

"But the pennies are for the guests, Aunt Kathie," Linda said evenly. "We're going to wrap each one in a piece of paper and tie a string around it and hide it someplace out in the yard. Then we'll give each boy or girl a string and let him find his penny."

"But Mommy," Eddie began, looking up at her in surprise. "It's *my* birthday and I thought the pennies—"

"Don't you see, dear, that's just why you want the others to have the pennies. It's *your* birthday and *you* have all those nice presents. Now you want the others to know how it feels to be surprised as you were, and to be glad too that it is your birthday. Come on. Let's fix the

pennies and get them hidden before the children come." Eddie, somewhat puzzled, followed her into the other room and emptied the coins onto the table.

THAT night as Henry and Linda lay talking after they had gone to bed, she told him how worried she was about Eddie. He felt that she was making too much of the child's weakness, and could even smile over the episode of the pennies. But to Linda it was very serious. She felt that the early traits of a child indicated the trends of later years, and she wasn't so sure as Henry that Eddie would outgrow his unnatural love of money and tendency to be selfish unless they did more to help him than seemed in their power just now.

"We can't expect the children to be absolutely perfect," Henry told her. "In fact, we wouldn't want them to be. When we compare *their* chances for finding the real things in life with those of most children, with you right on the job as you are, I don't see that we have much to worry about. Look at poor little Dicky. By the way, how is he tonight?"

"Henry, I don't think he'll be with us much longer. You talk of his handicap. It's heart-breaking to see him suffer and to think of his twisted little limbs; but a twisted conscience would be much worse. Dicky has such a brave little soul. Isn't it ironic the way he's always wanting to fly high in the air, and how close, if he should live, he'll always have to stay to the earth?"

"Did Kathie say anything to you about them wanting to come here and live with us? Thad says she hates staying there with mother."

"Yes, she mentioned it. I told her I had another plan."

"I don't think they should come here," Henry continued. "Mother and Mel have never got over our pulling out—making an added expense. With the children coming along, it was the only thing for us to do, but—"

"Kathie and Thad will be having children, too," Linda reminded him; "and they ought to be by themselves. What I wish could be done is to have the land divided—each of you work part of it and pay part of the expenses and upkeep. But each have what he could make on his share. It would give you more incentive to see what you could do. You could try it out for a year or so, and if it worked, you could make a permanent division; if not, nothing would have been lost by the experiment."

"I've been thinking of that very plan myself," Henry told her." I was about to mention it to Mel today, but thought I would think out a few more details first."

As Henry was dozing off Linda said, "I forgot to tell you that Ike Lacy was here today. He thinks we've done wonders with the place. Say, I didn't know before that they ever thought there was oil in this region."

"Yes," Henry yawned. "Jim Bancroft's grandfather started that rumor years ago. I believe that's how the place came to be settled."

(*To be continued*)

Lucy's Decision

By Virginia Nielsen

MRS. STEWART rose from her deep armchair and went to the door in answer to the knocker. She was a heavy woman with enough height to enable her to carry herself gracefully. As Lucy Maddon watched the older woman's heels bury themselves in the soft rug, she thought, "This is the way I want to live."

The room was so harmoniously comfortable and quiet that one felt nothing unpleasant could take place within its walls. A spirit of restfulness hung over the simple but lovely furnishings which were imbued with the personality of the gracious, gray-eyed woman who had chosen them.

Mrs. Stewart came back with a telegram.

"Do you mind?" The flush of excitement on her cheeks made her look very youthful in spite of her gray hair and the lines experience had etched on her face.

"Nine pounds!" she cried, happily. "It's my daughter, Adah," she explained. "I'm so glad to know she is all right. She has a new baby boy."

"Nine pounds," echoed Lucy, from her comfortable chair. "It must be a fine baby."

Mrs. Stewart's eyes were misty as she sat down again opposite her young guest.

"It's a wonderful experience — motherhood. I remember so clearly the day Adah was born. And now, she has a child of her own. No woman can know what it means until she has experienced it."

She looked at Lucy—at her mature though youthfully rounded face, and her trim, business-girl figure.

"I can't wish any more happiness for you, my dear," she said, slowly, "than that some day will bring you what today has brought Adah."

The color in Lucy's cheeks heightened at the reference to her approaching marriage.

"I'm afraid it won't," she said, meeting the older woman's eyes candidly. "Fred and I have decided not to have children."

"Why?" cried Mrs. Stewart.

"They're so expensive," said Lucy, making a deprecatory gesture with her gloves. "And Fred says they annoy him."

"How do you feel about it?"

"Well," said Lucy, a little hesitantly. "I shan't mind. I've always dreaded the thought of being tied down. When one has been as independent as I—"

"You're going to keep your job?" asked the older woman, quickly.

"Oh, no," said Lucy. "It takes me out of town too much."

Mrs. Stewart, who was "Mother Stewart" to a host of young people, looked at the girl with real concern in her eyes. In the few months since Lucy had rented an apartment in the house next door, the two had become very good friends. Mrs. Stewart believed that back of the laconic remarks and the even, controlled features was a Lucy who was wanting to face life honestly and interpret it rightly.

Her thoughts went back swiftly to her own marriage. It would not have occurred to her that a woman might make such a decision as Lucy was now making. A childless woman was an object of pity in those days. Truly, times had changed. This

generation was meeting problems and situations that she could only try a little helplessly to understand.

But suppose she had taken Lucy's attitude then? Not to have known the clasp of little fingers around her throat, the joy of drying little tears, or in a single, terrifying moment of illness, the deathless burning quality of mother love! And now, to be alone, as she was, without having her fingers on the pulse of a half dozen other lives—Adah, on the west coast, with her firstborn—Charles in Colorado, with a successful little business and a modest family—Bart, the wanderer, over whom she had worried night and day, yet who never failed to win her love and forgiveness with a gay, endearing letter—

Ah, Lucy could not know what she was renouncing. It was worth the cost, however dear.

"But how can I make her understand?" she wondered.

She hesitated, then said, "Will you take a walk with me?"

OUTSIDE, Mrs. Stewart took Lucy's arm and directed their steps toward the city park a few blocks away.

"I'm going to show you something," she said, gravely.

Lucy looked at her questioningly, but she said nothing more until they had entered the park, and had come upon three children playing, while a young girl watched them.

Mrs. Stewart pulled Lucy down beside her on a bench not far from the little group.

"Watch them," she said, and looked at her watch. "The woman I brought you to see will be here in a few minutes."

Lucy looked at the children. There were a fairheaded, sturdy boy, a dark-eyed little girl with the air of a princess, and another boy, scarcely out of babyhood, with a halo of light curls.

"Now let's play Sleeping Beauty," begged the girl.

"Aw, you always want to play that," said her older brother, disgustedly.

"Well, you always want to play Indian, an' that's no fun," retorted the girl.

There arose a heated argument which was finally settled by the nurse girl, who introduced a game of her own.

A woman in a dark tailored suit approached them from the other end of the path. When the children spied her, they ran to her with cries of happy greeting. Lucy felt a queer little twinge at her heart when she saw the light that illumined the woman's face as she bent down to the youngsters.

"Their mother?" she questioned.

Mrs. Stewart shook her head.

The woman was pulling some gifts from her pocketbook. She sat down beside the nurse girl, and drew the children to her.

"When she was married," Mrs. Stewart told Lucy, "she promised her husband that theirs would be a childless marriage. They were both young. She was very much in love with him—still is, I think—"

Lucy watched the face of the woman in black as she listened to Mrs. Stewart's quiet voice.

"She went too far in trying to keep that promise, and when they changed their minds, it was too late. She can never have a child."

She stopped.

"Tell us a story," the children were begging. The woman in black glanced at the nurse girl, who looked at her watch and nodded her head. The children clapped their hands gleefully, and their visitor drew them closer to her as she began talking in a low voice.

Mrs. Stewart turned to Lucy, her eyes shining with understanding.

"You can see she adores them."

Lucy's throat was dry. The little scene was affecting her strangely.

"She comes through here every evening on her way home from work. She lives a lonely life except for these few minutes each day."

Lucy moistened her lips. "But if her husband feels the same way—" she began.

Mrs. Stewart shook her head sadly.

"The man who was her husband is the father of these children," she said, softly. "After four or five years he divorced her, and married another woman. He's raising a family now—"

The woman was bidding the children goodbye. As she passed the two women who watched, she glanced in their direction, and nodded to Mrs. Stewart. Lucy's heart contracted at the hunger and unhappiness in her dark eyes.

The nurse girl called the children together, and taking the baby's fat hand, led them off in the other direction.

Lucy and Mrs. Stewart arose and started home. Lucy was silent for a long time. The older woman watched her rather anxiously.

"I hope you didn't mind my bringing you here," she said. "It's not my way to meddle, but—Lucy—I don't want you to make any decisions you'll regret—"

Lucy turned misted but luminous eyes to her friend.

"I won't," she promised.

A Friend

By Norma C. Adamson

When life's darkest shadows were round you
And you felt there was nothing worth while,
Did you see how the shadows were lightened
When a friend pressed your hand with a smile?

You may not possess worldly riches
But your life will be rich to the end
If you feel that your living has brought you
The handclasp and smile of a friend.

You may drink from the cup of life's pleasures,
But the taste will be ashes and dust.
If you haven't that gift sent from heaven,
A friend whom you honor and trust

Don't forget, in the rush of existence,
That the spirit of love you must send
To bring back that treasured possession,
The handclasp and smile of a friend

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

KEEP TRUE

"All the poised balances of God would swerve,
Did men not get the blessings they deserve;
And all the rigorous scales of Fate would turn,
Did men not get the punishments they earn."
—*Edwin Markham.*

TRUTH is the interpretation of life from the divine point of view. It is changeless and eternal.

According to Dr. Frank Crane, "Truth is the logic of the universe; it is the reasoning of Destiny; it is the mind of God. And nothing that you can devise or discover can take its place."

In Scientific Aspects of Mormonism, N. L. Nelson says:

"Mormonism defines absolute truth to be 'things as they are, as they have been, and as they will be,' when interpreted by God."

Jesus, speaking with his disciples in the temple, promised them, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32. And even as his disciples desired the freedom that comes from a knowledge of the truth, so do men in all ages.

THROUGH the years, the question is repeated, What is truth? What is this power that shall liberate mankind from ignorance and fear and sin? Men have been searching for it since the dawn of time. They grope in the darkness for the precious white light of truth, that will lift humanity to a higher plane; that will make the world a safer, happier, better place in which to live.

Down through the dim ages of the past they caught a gleam now and then. Some of these truths were recorded and preserved for those who would come after. From age to age, pages have been added to the book of wisdom that men might live by a greater light. But what is recorded by one generation as true, is often discarded by the next generation as untrue. Discoveries from year to year, continue to change the pages of science and philosophy.

The test of a truth is that it works. But often it takes long periods of time to find out if it works. The scientist in his laboratory tries again and again, records his findings, and then begins all over. But he can not put all of life in the test tube.

Sometimes what science has sought for years to find out, is given to an unlettered man, a mere boy, in one glorious flash. And in that one flash more truth is revealed than scholars have been able to evolve in hundreds of years.

THERE is only one code of truth. It is applicable to all life, in every field of endeavor. A great scientist recently said that he recognizes truth, and reverences it equally as much, if he reads it in the rocks as if it comes from the lips of an inspired prophet.

Back of all law is the Author of law. And as the ages roll He reveals to man, from generation to generation, the light that seems to be sufficient unto his needs.

Prophets and poets, teachers and leaders of men, the world over, are given greater light than others; in order that they may mark out paths for the multitude, and hold the torch high for those who are to follow. Their love for God's children and their all absorbing desire to better conditions, makes their need greater; and according to the greater need, they receive more generously from the source of all light. The Master's love for humanity rose to the most sublime height. He was ready to give his life for the salvation of mankind. That, perhaps, is the reason why he received more light than all other men.

ONE of God's greatest gift to man is the monitor he has placed in each breast; that shall teach him what is true and what is false, that all his actions may be guided thereby. The truths that we need for our individual guidance are held in store for us, when our hearts are open to receive them.

The revelation of truth, whether it be some great law for the guidance of a nation or the salvation of the human race, or whether it be a simple rule for the direction of one of God's humblest children; such revelation, comes only in answer to a deep sincere longing. There must be the desire. There must be the request. And the request must be more than a passive asking. It must be a willingness to search, to struggle, to wait, to pay the price. This is the requirement to the attainment of truth, and God's blessings generally.

"When hands are idle, words are vain to move the stone.
An aiding angel would disdain to work alone."

You remember the story of Hercules, who found the man's chariot caught in the mire. The man was praying for help, but putting forth no effort himself. Hercules' reply to his appeal for assistance was, "Have you, yourself, tried to move the chariot? Put your own shoulder to the wheel; God helps those who help themselves."

Jacob wrestled all night with the Lord for the blessing he desired. And the Children of Israel cried long and loud unto him before he sent Moses as their deliverer. The Master gave the key to his disciples for the attainment of all blessings when he said, "And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—Luke 11:9.

Does not the research worker seek, when he spends years in unknown climes in quest of truth? Does not the scientist knock, when he watches long hours under the searchlight? Have not men through the years, asked and received divine aid, in establishing the things which have most greatly benefited the race?

Untiring endeavor brings its reward. The years will repay every high effort. But remember, "Struggle precedes mastery."

THERE are certain fundamental laws that govern all of life. Long years ago students of logic evolved these three simple laws of truth. They do not change with the years. "Whatever is, is. Everything must either be, or not be. Nothing can be, and not be, at the same time."

Other laws of truth are quite as self-evident. Emerson said, "A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. The dice of God are always loaded. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem."

And Joseph Smith, the Prophet, gave the following revealed truths:

"There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world, upon which all blessings are predicated—and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated."—D. and C. 130:20. And further, "I the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say: but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." D. and C. 82:10.

This is not a world of chance. Men and women do not happen to get good positions and flattering honors. Somewhere in the past there were long hours spent in study, hard tasks performed for little or no pay, patience and endurance learned from repeated failures.

The musician does not attain the perfect touch; the singer, the velvet tone, merely from wishing. It takes practice and drill to achieve worth while results. We do not grow from a crude state into finished perfection in a day. Long weeks and months and years of drudgery are required to accomplish success.

"The law of nature," said Emerson, "is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing, have not the power."

"Everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained."

It is for us to decide the sort of gift we shall buy from life. We may choose the small cheap pleasures that will last for a day; or, we may select the enduring joys that will go on throughout eternity. The question is, what price are we willing to pay? The rarer gifts are not on sale at a reduction. The values never change.

David Starr Jordan says, "The price which every good and perfect gift demands, we would somehow or other get out of paying. But we can

never cheat the Gods. There are no short cuts to happiness."

All around us we see men and women who do not want to pay the price. Who do not want to play the game of life according to the rules. They are looking for easy money. Something for nothing. They are "honest in spots," as Dr. Brimhall used to say. They interpret the law to their own liking.

We may deceive our fellows. We may succeed in keeping our mistakes hidden away from the world; but we can not fool Mother Nature, she never forgets and she collects with interest, all that is coming to her. Neither can we hoodwink our God; he reads our hearts like an open book.

WHY should we attempt to delude ourselves? If we build the foundation of our life's structure of bubbles, the bubbles will burst before we reach the pinnacle. We can't follow a twisted, distorted pattern and hope to erect a strong, symmetrical building.

Is it fair to let the young person of today do the things that the old person of tomorrow can not undo? If we do not live now, so as to be good company for ourselves later on, will it not be a lonesome, sorry road we shall have to travel?

Whenever we go counter to truth, we are out of harmony with the divine plan. If we would be in partnership with the Master we must follow the path he has marked out, be it ever so straight and narrow.

Realizing that the road to greatness is cumbered with difficulties and heartaches, impetuous youth cries out, "I do not want to be great, I want to be comfortable." He does not realize that there are two kinds of comfort. He has yet to learn that a troubled conscience can plunge one into a purgatory so distressing; that all the beautiful downy cushions, and oriental rugs, and soft lights, and luring music in the world, cannot make one comfortable.

Material wealth is not a measure of success or happiness. The Great Judge asks what we "are," not what we "own."

Men of intellectual pursuits, who are too busy with life to find time to become wealthy, are not committing suicide in sheer desperation. Those whose souls are set like flint, against sin, seem to have very peaceful days in their ripe old age.

The deepest satisfactions do not come out of banks and purses. The best gifts cannot be purchased with money. A well developed mind, a refined, cultured personality, these things are beyond price. A life enriched by the Christian virtues, has forward looking years of satisfaction.

"Joy and peace are not to be juggled from God or nature," said Frank Crane. "Doing right brings peace and poise to the soul."

IF we would make our last years rich in eternal values, we must not "cheapen life." If we would find lasting joy, we must keep faith with ourselves. Being true to our conscience now, will eliminate explanations and apologies later on. To keep on happy terms with ourselves we must be sincere and genuine, true to our highest ideals, true to the truth.

WE set our own standard. We make our own deadline. We reward and punish ourselves, according to the eternal plan of justice. Judas sold his soul for forty pieces of silver; while Christ gained an eternal salvation by giving his life for all men.

For the sake of tomorrow; for the sake of the sweet companionship that may exist between ourselves and our trusting children; and that deeper fellowship that may hold between ourselves and our God, to comfort and sustain us in our hour of need, let us play the game fair. Let us be true to our trust, and make of life a glorious worth while adventure.

John Burroughs knew the law of compensation when he wrote:

"The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

God's choicest blessings are held in reserve for those who are prepared to receive them. Revealed truth is the foundation of all righteousness. Let us be wise enough to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good."

The Red Sea Wilderness

(A Sonnet)

By Bertha A. Kleinman

You stand at last and face the great Red Sea,
The goading hosts behind—what can you do?
There's no retreat, no way around to flee,
Then plunge ahead, straiight on ahead and through.
The multitudes set straining eyes on you,
Then liift your torch and flout the plagues of night—
The Red Sea waits, then plunge ahead and through.
The waters swirl, the tempest rocks the shore,
The terrors of the wilderness assail,
Then lift your faith above the billows' roar,
And plunge ahead, your courags must not fail.
The dawn's acrest, the pillar moves for you,
Plunge on ahead, straight on ahead and through.

Alcoholic liquor undermines and weakens the physical forces of a man and thus destroys his body.

It degrades, coarsens and bestializes the soul of man and thus destroys his mind.

It degrades, coarsens and bestialized the soul of man and thus destroys his moral and spiritual life.

'Strong drink impoverishes men. 'The drunkard shall come to poverty.' (Prov. 23:21.)

"It shuts men out of the Kingdom of God. 'No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God. . . .'" (I Cor. 6:10.) —*The Union Signal.*

Mother Deserved a Vacation

By Mabel S. Harmer

EMILY stepped to the door to see if Bob was in sight. She knew that he disliked being called from his play to do anything around the house but she felt she could not spend all the time and energy necessary to bring the fruit jars up from the basement when she had a twelve year old son who could do it just as well.

"Bobby!" she called and immediately realized her mistake. For more than two years now the boy had refused to answer to anything less manly than 'Bob'. The hammering on the other side of the garage indicated where he was and also that he was going right on with his work.

"Robert!" she called sharply and a moment later he came slowly in sight. "I need you for a short time."

"Whaffor?" he demanded. "Can't you see I'm working? I got to put some new boards on my dog house."

"That can wait," replied his mother. "I want thirty fruit jars brought up from the basement. You may have to wash them, too."

"Omigosh!" he exclaimed in a pained voice. "That's a girl's work. What's Loretta doing that she can't help a little around the house?"

"Loretta was out late to a party last night and I'm letting her sleep this morning. There will be plenty for her to do when she wakes up anyway, with all these apricots to peel and stone. Take this pan to carry the jars in."

Bob picked up the pan and went to the basement muttering in low tones about the uselessness of girls in general and his eighteen year old sister in particular. After he had brought the jars up to the kitchen, he spent another half hour moodily dowsing them in soapy water and when the last one had been washed and rinsed he made a rapid escape back to his carpentry.

MRS. STEVENS had just settled herself with a large panful of apricots on her lap when the telephone started a loud and persistent pealing. "I never knew it to fail! I only hope it isn't someone who wants to gossip half an hour!"

"Hello, mother," came the answer to her brisk greeting. "I just called to remind you about the rolls you promised to bake for me. Can I have them about one o'clock?"

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, "is it today that your club meets? I really had forgotten. I'm just surrounded with apricots. Couldn't you get them from the store this time?"

"Oh, mother," came Julia's pleading voice. "Couldn't you possibly do it? Nobody makes rolls like yours and the girls do look forward to them so."

"I'll make them."

"And could you have Bob bring them over and take Junior back with him. I'll just have to get him out of the way for the afternoon. He'll be bound to shriek his loudest while the book review is going on."

"You know that Bob wouldn't be seen wheeling a baby through the streets," protested her mother. But we'll manage someway." She felt that she would save time by getting back to her work and thinking a way out of the difficulty rather than by arguing about it.

She seated herself in the kitchen

once more and was busily engaged in preparing the fruit when Loretta appeared in black satin lounging pajamas.

"Hello, Mums," she said breezily, as she bestowed a light kiss upon her mother's cheek.

"I am extremely busy and would appreciate a little help," was the reply.

"All right, darling—sorry I overslept. I'll just garner a bite to eat and then I'll be with you.

It was on the tip of Emily's tongue to reprimand Loretta for her flippant way of speaking but she reflected a bit wearily that she had done so a good many times before without any noticeable results and decided to save her breath for the present.

After a hasty breakfast, Loretta put on one of her mother's large aprons and sat down with a pan of fruit and a paring knife.

"Did you have a good time at the party?" inquired her mother, as she refilled her own pan from the seemingly bottomless basket.

"Oh, scrumptuous! There was a grand crowd and Paul Aiken asked to take me to the lake tonight with some of his friends from out of town. I haven't been so thrilled in years. Could you possibly finish my new sport dress in time for me to wear it? I haven't another thing that will do."

"I don't see how I can, dear, with all this fruit to be bottled today. And I have promised Julia to make rolls for her luncheon at one." Mrs. Stevens had rather poignant memories of the closet full of dresses she had already sewed for her young daughter that spring.

"I'll help with the fruit and you can finish the dress in no time," said Loretta disposing of the matter with a wave of her paring knife.

Loretta was no adept at household tasks and her mother was extremely dubious as to whether or not the exchange of services would be very much to her advantage but she said no more about it and went steadily on preparing the fruit until it was time to mix the rolls.

She had just started them when Ross, her twenty year old son, burst in through the front door. A moment later they heard him bounding up the stairway.

Shortly after he pounced in upon them in the kitchen, panting and disheveled. "Why didn't my light suit go to the cleaners this week?" he demanded.

For the simple reason that you didn't put it out, I suppose," calmly answered his mother. "I've told you a dozen times to lay your things in the front hall when you want them to go."

"You really can't expect your clothes to walk there, you know," joined in Loretta.

Ross ignored this last remark as entirely unworthy of his notice and demanded, "Who in the dickens has had my white tennis sweater? It's a funny thing the way my belongings disappear around this house."

"Now, I'll bet that sweater has gone walking," offered Loretta.

"Will you be still!" he shouted.

"Children," pleaded their mother. "I haven't seen anyone with your sweater, Ross," she went on. "Is there any great hurry about it?"

"Well, I'll say there's a hurry," he answered wrathfully. "I am to meet Henry Kirke in less than an hour to go out to the Davises for that week-end party. You remember my telling you about it and here I can't find a thing and my only decent suit isn't pressed." It was perfectly clear that he held everyone but himself responsible for the predicament he was in.

"Bring your suit down and I'll press it," said Emily, "and you can

be packing your other things in the meantime."

She quickly finished mixing the rolls and set them to raise while she worked on the suit with feverish haste. It was pressed by the time Ross appeared again and with a hasty thanks and a kiss he grabbed it and bounded upstairs to put it on. Without coming back into the kitchen he shouted a goodbye from the front door and went out leaving an almost audible silence behind him.

BY the time Bob appeared for his lunch, Emily had the rolls baked and packed ready to send to Julia. She allowed him to eat a hearty meal before she said anything about his errand, knowing that any male, however young, is more approachable when filled. When he had finished she gave him an extra piece of cake and said sweetly, "I have a little errand for you to do, Robert. You are to take these rolls over to Julia and bring Junior back."

"Me!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Wheel that baby through four city blocks? What's the matter with Loretta doing it?"

"Loretta is helping me and there isn't anyone else to go so you will have to. Run along now like a good boy and I'll make it up to you some other time."

"Will you mend my ball pants this afternoon?" asked Bob, who was never known to pass an opportunity to drive a bargain.

Visions of the still unbottled fruit and Loretta's dress passed through Emily's head but she wearily nodded an assent and started Robert on his way with the rolls.

BY four o'clock the fruit was all bottled and she had begun work on Loretta's dress. The baby had been an additional care throughout the afternoon, refusing to go to sleep in a strange bed and exhibiting a remarkable fondness for apricots. The kitchen floor was still unscrubbed and showed ample evidence of the day's labors but Emily reflected that it could wait or go unscrubbed as was necessary.

She just did manage to get the dress finished in time for Loretta to slip into it before a car full of young people called for her. "She does look lovely," thought Emily, watching Loretta adjust her hat to a perky angle. "It was a pleasure to do things for her if there were only a little more time."

SHE was obliged to set on a cold supper but she thought Horace wouldn't mind this once. With a pang she remembered Bob's ball suit and hoped that she could snatch a few minutes after the table was set in which to mend it. Instead of being late, however, her husband rushed in a few minutes early and presently she heard him rummaging about in the rear closet.

"Another fishing trip!" Emily almost groaned. "Why did it have to happen today? Well, she had started him off on a good many trips during their twenty-five years of married life, she supposed that she could manage one more.

She let him take his time about coming to supper and seized the opportunity to take the promised stitches in Bob's baseball clothes.

Horace was fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm when he finally appeared for supper. Jed Travers had said that the fishing was great up on Aspen Lake. They were going to leave at four in the morning. Could she throw a few cans of something or other and a few loaves of bread together?

Emily fervently wished that it were as simple as that, but she had

dealt with Horace's appetite for too many years now to be so optimistic about it.

HORACE went to bed early in order to be up for a good start and after ten o'clock when Emily had packed what food she considered might reasonably be expected to last him through an ordinary fishing trip, she dropped wearily onto her own pillow.

She was too tired even to go to sleep for a while. She wondered if she were really being an excellent mother, or if she was just making a doormat of herself by waiting upon her family so continuously. It was true that the day had been an unusual one, still, she spent most of her days in working for them one way or another. Did they appreciate it? She supposed not. Children were apt to take their parents for granted.

She wondered what would happen if she were to go away for a time. What a rude awakening there would be when they found there was no mother to do the dozen and one things they demanded in a day. It might be a good thing all the way around. She certainly deserved a rest and they might learn to appreciate her if they had to do a few things for themselves.

Horace had often asked her to go on a fishing trip, but she disliked camping out. She preferred doing her cooking at home where she didn't have to worry about getting cinders in her eyes. It had been a long time now since he had even asked her to go.

Before dropping off to sleep she had half settled on the idea of going away. She could go to her sister Helen. It had been years since she had paid Helen a real visit and then she had taken the children along and waited upon them much the same as when she was at home. Helen's would be the ideal place to go. Helen was a widow whose two children were long since married, so there would be no children or husband about. There was a maid to do all the work and a big quiet house to rest in. Nothing to do but rest! The words became music in her ears and lulled her to sleep.

DURING the three days that Horace was away the idea remained with her. Everyone else was talking vacations and goodness knew that if anyone deserved one she did. She went so far as to write to Helen and received an enthusiastic invitation in return. Helen always had thought that she was foolish to slave for her family the way she did and told her that it was high time she got away from them for a while.

When her husband returned, Emily calmly broke the news that she had decided to take a vacation. Everyone was stunned at first but Horace rose gallantly to the occasion, when the children began to voice half-uttered protests, by saying, "Why, of course, you must take a vacation. You'll all agree, children, that mother deserves a rest."

There was no denying this so they all agreed to cooperate to the fullest extent with 'Amelia' who was to be called in to do the heavier part of the housework and cooking.

Loretta insisted that she buy some new clothes, although her mother said that she wouldn't need anything more than a few new porch dresses to "sit around and rest in." Loretta remembered Aunt Helen as very modern and with very modern friends and in the end marshalled her mother to town for some new dresses although Emily firmly drew the line at having a permanent wave.

EMILY felt her first pang of doubt as she boarded the train and looked into her children's faces as they waved good-bye. It was the first time in years that she had left them for more than overnight and now she was to be gone for three weeks. Horace had insisted that she take a good rest while she was at it. Which reminded her that she deserved one, so she attempted to forget the somewhat woebegone faces at the station.

Helen was delighted to see her. They had supper that first evening on a vine shaded porch. It was heavenly to sit there in the cool of the evening and be served a meal without having to jump up half a dozen times to bring something to the table. Helen's comfortable income allowed her to devote her time to club work or anything else that she might be interested in.

It was delightful to sit on the front veranda afterward, watch the people pass up and down the street and chat with her sister without having the telephone ring or someone dash up and down the steps every few minutes.

"We don't get up for breakfast," said Helen as they parted for the night, "so sleep just as late as you wish. Mina will bring you a tray about nine."

Emily was used to awaking early. She lay in bed and fidgeted about until the maid appeared with the breakfast tray. She would very much have preferred getting up and having her breakfast in the usual way but she hesitated to interfere with the regular household routine.

She had not eaten in bed since Robert was born and she felt decidedly awkward and self-conscious about it.

SHE arose as soon after eating as she felt could be done with propriety and went down stairs. Helen was not up so she seated herself on the front porch. After a while it grew monotonous and she wished that she had some darning or mending to do. But having come for a vacation, she had brought nothing of the sort along.

In the afternoon, Helen had a committee meeting and invited Emily to sit with them. She could understand very little of what they were talking about, in fact their club phraseology almost amounted to another language. She felt rather envious of these women who made such important sounding plans and decisions. She could not help but notice what beautiful, white hands they had and she contrasted them surreptiously with her own work-roughened ones. These were women who worked with their heads instead of their hands. By the end of the afternoon her estimation of herself and her place in the existing scheme of important things had gone down almost to the vanishing point.

The evening passed much the same as the one before had. Supper on the rear veranda and a quiet evening on the porch afterwards. Emily was still convinced that she was enjoying the change very much and that it was merely a matter of habit that she listened every once in a while for the sound of hurrying feet or shrill voices. She was having a much deserved vacation and was enjoying it very much. She settled back in her chair to rest a little more thoroughly.

BY the end of the third day she began to wonder what the home folks were doing and how they were getting along without her. She was quite sure that Bob would go swimming more times than was good for him although she had warned him against it. She wondered if anyone

would remember to water her rose bushes. They had just been set out this year and she had cared for them with such solicitude that it would be a shame to have them die now for want of a little attention.

There was a sameness about Helen's days. She arose in time to oversee a very few household tasks before noon, then attended to her rather voluminous correspondence and almost invariably had a committee meeting in the afternoon. Emily wondered how the world ever struggled along before Helen took over so much responsibility in her various committees.

By the end of the week she thoroughly hated the sound of the word 'rest.' She had rested on the front porch until she was tempted to look to see whether or not she had worn the paint off the chairs. She groaned inwardly when she remembered that her vacation was to last three weeks. How absurd to have set the time at three weeks. She might have known that she would be bored to death in half that time. Well, it would never do to go home before the time was over. No one would ever be able to understand such inconsistency. She would have to continue to rest, no matter what the cost.

THE morning that ended the first week of her visit, Mina brought her a hastily scribbled note with her breakfast tray. It read:

"Emily dear: I have been called to Standish by telegram this morning. A district meeting of the Federated Clubs is taking place and Mrs. Evans, our state President, is ill, so I have been asked to go in her stead. I shall only be away three or four days, so just continue to make yourself at home and get a good rest. Mina will take good care of you, I am sure. Love, Helen."

"Mina will if she gets a chance," said Emily aloud. She dressed and packed and soon had written briefly to her sister:

"Dearest Helen: I am sorry to run away in your absence but I am needed urgently at home. Nothing serious. Will let you know later. Thanks so much for all your kind attention. I feel thoroughly rested in just the one short week I have been here. Love, Emily."

On reading it over she could see no statement that was not justified.

AFTER a solitary lunch she caught an early afternoon train and found herself beaming at intervals on her fellow passengers. She hoped that most of them were going home and not just starting out on a vacation.

She took a taxi from the station and shed a tear of happiness when they drove in sight of her home. It looked just the same—thank goodness! Now if the family would be equally obliging, all would be well.

She almost flew up the front steps and into the hallway. "That you, Ross?" came Loretta's voice from above.

"No, it's I, darling," Emily answered, trying to still the tremble in her voice.

"Mother! Oh mother!" cried Loretta as she dashed down the stairway and crushed her mother in her arms. "You darling, how on earth did it happen?"

"Let me get my breath and I'll tell you," answered Emily happily. It was almost worth going away, she reflected, to get such a tempestuous welcome. "Your aunt was called out of town and so naturally I didn't feel like staying on there alone."

"Well, you're just in time," said Loretta breathlessly, "otherwise I should have had to get engaged without asking your consent and that would never have done. Come into

the living room and I'll tell you about it," said Loretta dragging her mother into the room and putting her into a chair. "Paul wants me to become engaged to him and I love him so much, but of course I wanted your consent first and I couldn't possibly have waited three weeks."

"But my dear," pleaded Emily, "you are only eighteen."

"How old were you when you became engaged?"

"Well," admitted her mother, "I was just eighteen too — but times were different then."

"Perhaps," agreed Loretta, "but I don't imagine people were. May I tell him that it is all right?"

"I'll have to talk it over with your father first," was Emily's only concession, "and I should like to take off my hat, if you have no more startling news for me."

"Whoopee! If it isn't our good old pie-maker back again!" and Bob practically tumbled into the room, the flippancy of his welcome was softened by its warmth. "You're just in time," he continued after a hug of the bear variety.

"So I have learned," smiled his mother.

"The scouts are having an outing for mothers at Lacy's Grove. Gosh! it wouldn't have been anything at all if you couldn't have been there. And you don't even have to do any of the cooking," he assured her. "We are going to do it all ourselves. Aren't you glad you came home?"

"Yes, I'm glad, son," she answered in good scout fashion, then turning to Loretta, "How are Julia and the baby?"

"Julia's all right but I believe the baby is upset."

"I'll run right over. There will just be time before dinner and then I won't have to worry about him," said Emily with her accustomed energy.

SHE walked quickly to her daughter's. How rapidly life and events moved, she reflected, and how essential it was always to live to the fullest and not let any of the worthwhile moments escape.

Inside the house, she found Julia vainly trying to soothe a fretful baby. "Oh, mother," she sobbed, "I'm so relieved you've come. I can't seem to do a thing for him. Everyone says that the second summer is the hardest and I'm scared to death."

"Well, everyone is wrong," declared her mother as she picked up the baby. "The second summer is no harder than any other summer if you use a little common sense. Let's give him a cool bath first and then see what else should be done for him."

Emily tied one of Julia's aprons over her 'good' dress and then proceeded to undress and bathe the baby. He seemed to feel at once that he was receiving more expert care and his wailings began to subside.

When she had finished with the final deft administration, Julia, who had been watching her intently, said, "What wonderful hands you have, mother. Every move they make is so capable."

Emily held out her hands and looked at them as if seeing them for the first time. Then as she smiled, she said, "Yes—I suppose there is a difference in hands."

Babies

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Babies are sweet; there is no denying,
Whether they're cooing or whether they're crying,
Whether they're smiling or kicking and squealing,
Babies are certainly most appealing!

Whether they're skinny—or dimpled cupids,
Whether they're brilliant—or darling stupids,
Whether they're terribly red and young,
Or babbling words in a foreign tongue,
Whether they're older and slightly paler
And staggering 'round like a tipsy sailor,

Whether they're jolly or weary and weepy,
And most especially when they're sleepy—
From their downy heads to their ducky feet,
Babies are absolutely sweet!

Life's Medicines

By Ezra J. Poulsen

LIFE has a way of lifting us out of the deep vales of despondency by its own natural buoyancy. It constantly throws us new life lines, as the older ones break, or as we became confused and let go. Wise are we if we cooperate in these efforts at self rescue, for thereby may we keep our feet on the solid ground, and progress toward the hill tops of life.

Often, to be sure, we sink back with a sigh, feeling that we need to be rescued from routine, sorrow, from sheer weariness with living. But at that moment we are challenged with new glimpses of beauty or truth—a picture, a landscape, the smiling countenance of a friend coming through the gate. Then who can deny the refreshing force that quickens our being? Thus life is very kind. When we would close our eyes and like the proverbial ostrich thrust our head beneath the sand, we are drawn back into the sunlight.

Charles Lamb, in his delightful little essay, *Dream Children,* teaches us to find happiness even in sorrow. Sitting in his chair by the fireside, he permits us to go with him back through the fading years. Before him sit his children — his dream children, listening wonder-eyed to his winsome tales of boyhood and young manhood. As readers we follow, impressed by the author's warm, joyous humanity, set off by the rich, glowing tapestries of an English country side. Then swiftly comes the climax, revealing stark disillusionment — sorrow. Tears seem the only outlet for our poignant grief.

Such is the way with life. There are moments when not a single ray of hope can struggle through the clouds of grief. Or at least this seems to be so. In reality, however, the ray of hope does arrive. It is as sure as the daylight that follows the darkness. Hence, as we turn again to Lamb, we catch something of his marvelous buoyancy; the spirit of mirth returns, and smiles drive away the tears. Charles Lamb, sitting by his fireside, yearning after his dream children, seems to symbolize life. Sorrow—and he knew sorrow as few of us have had to experience it—is the lot of humanity, yet beneath sorrow lies joy, the great underlying harmony of existence. Every shadow is eventually wiped out by the sunshine. The genial author of dream children seems to be saying, "After all it is glorious to be alive."

IT is important to realize that there is an element of happiness in all life situations. This truth is in the very essence of things. It can be discovered and cherished until it becomes a sesame to its possessor, opening all the closed doors of opportunity. To be happy in the midst of struggle, to see in disappointment the possibility for new conquest, to be responsive to the beauties of the commonplace—these are some of the ingredients from which we derive joy. Charles Lamb could wander through the most obscure streets of London, and find a wonderland of romance. That same wonderland awaits others who walk down the obscure side streets of life, provided they have eyes to see.

Must we always believe people are

happy because they are rich, or powerful, because they are here rather than there, or because they were born lucky? This is putting too much reliance on mere externals, not enough in the soul of things. Yet the external world is teeming with the materials of happiness. If we can match the life without with reasonable responses from within, we are winners in the game of living.

A young woman living in an attractive rural community was recently asked by a friend to name some of the more common wild flowers in her locality. She was dumbfounded to think anyone should be interested in such commonplaces. She had never noticed them. This incident illustrates one of humanity's most glaring oversights—the failure to see the perfection in God's creations. Possibly we need help. In this case we might seek the poets. Hand in hand with a Bryant, a Whitman, or a Wordsworth, we may find new life in the cool canyons and by the pleasant streams. We can go alone, but the poets make good interpreters as we struggle with the first simple monosyllables of nature's language. Under their direction we can learn the grandeur in every quaint by-way beneath the heavens.

Furthermore, if God is waiting in the solitude, he is even more easily found in the midst of the multitude. Thus to the extent that we take a wholesome interest in others, we again revive our own sinking spirits. We are rejuvenated the moment we see our own acts relieving the distress of others. This is the very genius of the Relief Society organization. The idea of dedicating one's self to the creation of the good neighborhood, will go far, if adhered to in practice, to lift us to the higher levels of joy.

Satisfactions abound, then, in the land of people and things. The basic law of compensation guarantees a bright side to every situation. It is merely for us to seek endlessly those positions from which the best can be seen, and obtained. Life is a process of working to solve the mysteries of a complex and changing environment. We are in a mansion of many rooms. It takes a different key to open each room, but around us are a thousand keys. Books, poets, music, children, hobbies, service, are a few of the keys, each leading to a realm of wonder and enlightenment; then there is the master key—faith—which is the greatest of all.

Dame Nature's Washday

By I. B. McKenzie

Dame Nature had a wash-day
She started in the night,
She flashed her lights, and crashed her tubs,
Till she had us in a fright.

The night wore on, the morning broke,
The sun came out to see,
The many shades of new-washed green
On willow, grass and tree.

Miss Aspen tossed her pretty head,
And shivered in the breeze,
While birds burst out in joyous song,
As they flew among the trees.

Now all the world is beautiful
The flowers are clean and bright,
For Dame Nature had a washday
And she did it all at night.

Your Words Make or Unmake Your Child

(A CHALLENGE)

By Claire Stewart Boyer

THE purpose of the home," says a recent book on the family, "is the preservation of culture and the development of personality." Now culture is largely preserved and personality is best developed through the cultural spirit of one person inspiring another. Usually the medium of spirit is words, well chosen words that lift hearts to a higher level.

There are words used in some homes that brand children in their own minds for a lifetime. Certain of these are criminal phrases because they put a child on a bestial level from which he never rises, they kill the spiritual bud so that it never comes to full bloom. These are: liar, thief, brat, pig, little devil. idiot. They are the harshest, most cruel words that can be usel. To the impressionable they are stabs which always leave a scar. They give children complexes which they find difficult to eliminate. The cultured soul will not allow such words to befoul the lips.

A child usually wishes and somewhat intends to live up to what his mother expects of him. If she brands him with the title Liar, he immediately knows that she does not consider it beneath him to lie. So he is more likely to do so. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," is still a truism. But woe to the parent who puts the stigma upon her own child! The divine within each child must be maintained and the major responsibility lies with the mother.

Now instead of using this negative method of giving a child a sense of right and wrong, the psychological method of raising a glorious standard before his eyes is the only wise one to employ. Through it even criminals have been resuscitated. The shining strength of truth, the satisfaction of honesty, the possibility of a child rising to the level of a god can easily be phrased. Call a child a pig and he may be only a grunting little animal with no cleaner ambition. Brat is the most devastating of all words. A woman who thinks of children in terms of brats, whether they are her own or her neighbors', is sadly in need of spirituality, but if she utters the word she is little short of contemptible.

Slightly less despicable are words and phrases which degrade children by giving them a sense of shame. "Shame on you," is the easiest reprimand for the parent. Analyze shame and you will feel the blot it leaves on the soul. I was happy the other day when my own little laddie in speaking to his dog said, "Fritz, I can hardly be proud of you for doing that. I'd like to be proud of you all the time. Remember that." Sometimes in off moments a mother sees the fruit of her teaching and it carries its own glorious satisfaction.

I have the testimonies of several women that one word given by a thoughtless mother has been a lifetime handicap, an open sore. The child that is growing fast is often termed "lazy". The child with admirable will power is disparaged by being called "stubborn." The ambitious child is often regarded as

selfish and that spoken reproach deadens this most precious virtue. Other such destroying imps of words are: stingy, simpleton, dumbbell, 'fraid-cat, story teller. There is no need of using any of these. For stingy there are several delightful quotations such as "the gift without the giver is bare," "we keep only what we give away," "when I do a thing for you I do it for myself, do you mind." Or for smaller children, "doesn't it make you happier inside to make someone else happy?" There are as many phrases for developing generosity as there are cultural people who will take time to think in well-chosen words. For simpleton, King Solomon might well be referred to. For 'fraid cat, "I am God's child, no harm can come to me," has saved thousands of children from terrors untold. In handling the story teller phrase a difference between the child's whimsical imagination and his desire to deceive must be made. One mother made a contract with her children to let their eyes twinkle when they were imagining. The scheme worked. Mother and children laughed together over delightful exaggerations and the truth was kept on a high and trustful level. For helpfulness—"be a good scout" might be used effectively; for concentration—"screw your courage to the sticking place and you'll not fail;" for endurance—"be a good soldier;" for patience—"remember Job," etc. There is a world full of heroes that may be referred to. For tiny tots there are good fairies, brownies, guardian angels, gentlemen, queens and knights.

We need not even retire to the past for our inspirations. We have our Lindbergh, our Byrd, our Cadman—thousands of heroes and heroines of today. Let us use gentle phrases, not harsh terms; encouraging words, not disheartening ones; inspiring words, not dispiriting ones. Let this be our new resolution, for our phrases can make or unmake our children. Culture is marked by sincere aspiration toward a spiritual personality.

—PLEA—

Give the little lads your dream
They can hold its precious wonder,
Tell them of the lives that gleam
With a glory just as tender
As the story of the saints
That the Bible proudly paints;
Tell of men who walk today
In the same appointed way.

Give the little lads your dream
They can shape their aspirations
From your gentle words that beam
With the light of inspiration;
Tell them of a world made whole
By the courage of the soul;
Let them know the men today
Who would make the world that way.

Give the little lads a dream
They can but rejoice in sharing
Let them know that love and truth
Are the standards they are bearing.
Give the little lads a dream
Even though the world may seem
At the point of crucifixion,—
Give them faith in resurrection!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

INDIAN Summer — nature bedecked, like an Oriental queen in jewels and richest fabrics, enchants her artist and poet lovers to pour out the adoration of their souls.

MARIE JOSE LAVAL, charming daughter of the French premier, in becoming the bride of Count de Chambrun became a citizen of the United States as well as of France. This is the only case of a woman being a citizen of two nations. All descendants of General Lafayette have honorary citizenship in the United States and according to French law the wife takes the nationality of her husband.

MEXICAN women have been given the franchise and for the first time in Mexican history recently voted in municipal elections.

ADENA MILLER RICH, new president of Hull House, was co-winner with Jane Addams of the Nobel peace prize in 1931.

PARIS stylists are showing models of skirts for street wear shorter than since 1929, though the length is determined largely by the wearer.

NANCY McKNIGHT, 103, of Michigan, gives as a recipe for longevity, "Never to eat cake or pie or go to the movies." Who wants to be 103 anyway?

ESTHER W. STEPHENS, formerly of Utah, has been appointed state chairman of music of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in appreciation of her fine work in local and district music circles.

GALLI-CURCI while resting after her goitre operation believes she will soon thrill the world again with her golden voice, while Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout recently returned from Europe are busily preparing for their appearance at Hollywood and the Metropolitan, respectively.

LILLY PONS, Metropolitan star, after her summer work on the film "Lone Song" says she considers her opera, concert and radio days as vacations.

JERITZA VIENESE, prima donna, was married last summer to R. Sheehan, film producer, at Santa Barbara mission.

EVANGELINE LEHMAN, student at Fontainbleau, France, has composed a symphony based on the Mormon trek called "Journey's End."

DOROTHY DICKSON broke the American record in swimming at Manhattan Beach this summer and Elizabeth Cowles of Cal. set the record of mountain climbing by women when she reached the top of Teton Mountain, while two Russian girls made a new record in parachute jumping. Each of them was given 15,000 rubles by the Russian government.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, at one time rated by Carrie Chapman Catt as the foremost woman in America for her advanced thought, died last summer at the home of her daughter in Pasadena, California.

Teaching

By Vernessa Miller Nagle

ONE should seek to be well-informed, to be spiritual as well as "worldly-wise". To be able to impart to youth the desire to grow spiritually and intellectually; to give to youth the impetus for a greater enrichment of life is in itself a mission. Such people are the friends of youth,—the youth of energy as well as the youth of words and dreams.

Perhaps in everyone's life there moves a dream figure,—one who stimulates, encourages, awakens the best that is within each of us. Regardless of our shortcomings and inevitable mistakes we like to think that someone has interpreted life to us in its true beauty, and, although we may be disillusioned at every cross-road, we never lose faith that life is good and worth all our efforts.

I like to think of Alice Louise Reynolds as such a person. I like to believe that her greatest gift to me was not so much a store of information as a glorious degree of inspiration. It was she who made me love to seek out the wisdom of the masters. It was she who caused me to see the exquisite beauty of a lovely poem, or, to enjoy the "best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds."

It was not especially Miss Reynolds' class-room technique that I recall at this time, but rather the little informal chats with her, her charming stories of beautiful old Vienna with its imposing architecture, its genial gayety—its art, music, and dancing. I recall her interesting tales of schooling abroad, reminiscences of personal acquaintances with men and women of international importance. I learned almost to know personally Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning from Miss Reynolds' vivid stories of her knowledge of their homes. In retrospect I hear her, even now, telling of the emotions she experienced in viewing for the first time the Passion Play of Oberammergau. I seem almost to hear the insurgent rhythm of her voice as she tells of the triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, the exchange of money, and finally the wind-swept scene of the Cross of Thorns.

From the printed page she taught her students to see the beauties they had never noticed. We learned to feel that the love of beauty in life is a potent factor in the soul's constant search for the essentials of happiness and success.

My associations with Alice Louise Reynolds will ever remain with me a harmony of things remembered and beloved.

Autumn

By Elsie E. Barrett

Autumn days are in the making
With a forecast of the Fall;
Brushes ready full of color,
Motives from a paisley shawl.
Soon we'll see the seed pods changing
Into dresses aureate;
She will fill our hearts with rapture
With her strokes elaborate.
May we cherish Autumn's beauty
To inspire when drab days vex;
It will help the thoughts soar upward
When earth's schooling seems complex.

Batching

By Caroline Eyring Miner

BATCHERS" at Colleges have been more numerous the past few years than they have ever been before. No doubt each mother who reads this article knows a special reason why. Depression has stolen the family purse but not its generous supply of ambition, and boys and girls with ambition, but without employment or money, make a compromise between remaining at home in idleness and attending college in a leisurely fashion, by "batching."

"Batching" is an unromantic name for the adventurous undertaking of living away from home and being one's own cook and bottle-washer. Most anyone is eligible for this adventure. However, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five it may be observed in its truest form.

With a few provisions from home, consisting of some canned fruit, a supply of eggs and butter, a few loaves of bread, and a generous supply of home-baked cookies, together with an insignificant number of dishes and kettles and personal linen, and with very little money, the average "batcher" leaves his comfortable parental home and sets up in "batching" headquarters in some College town.

HE has been instructed time and time again by his anxious mother that he must take good care of himself; he must keep his place warm; he must take time to cook what he needs. And he proceeds immediately to disobey everyone of her ten commandments; not wilfully, but because of the force of circumstances.

I speak as a "batcher" with four years' experience, and I speak in defense of the offender. I know he becomes ill; I've actually seen cases of chronic appendicitis aggravated to the point of acuteness under "batching" fare; I've seen pneumonia develop and one severe case of mastoiditis. And as for colds, they are too numerous to mention. But he, the "batcher," cannot help it.

Time is an item in the first place. When a student carries a full curricular and extra-curricular load, he doesn't have the time to keep house in any fashion worthy of the name. You know how your boy or girl stays in bed in the mornings at home. Well, he does it just as consistently or more so while batching and in consequence he doesn't even have time to make a fire or get breakfast so he does without either. At noon there is time for only a cold bite and at night, if there isn't a big social planned to save him, he is very likely to cook and eat enough potatoes and gravy and meat to founder an ordinary hard-working man.

And so the routine goes. As long as the provisions from home last, there is pretty good fare, but shopping takes time and money, neither of which is plentiful, and it is neglected.

"What am I to do about it?" the anxious mother asks. "He knows better than to do the way he does and there isn't money for him to board." Of course he knows better and the only thing he can do is to "batch" if he goes to school at all. Just don't worry about him. Keep advising him if you wish but don't worry about him if he doesn't follow your advice. It isn't going to hurt him very seriously, and how he will appreciate home and mother when the "batching" days are over!

Gifts

By Jane C. Weaver

DID you ever dream of possessing a wonderful voice, of being able to sing a soulful inspiring song? Have you ever had a great desire to write a poem or transfer a beautiful scene to canvas? Have you ever felt an inner urge to express in beautiful language some hidden overpowering emotion? Was your faith equal to your desire so that you were willing to work and make your dream come true? If so you were on the first round of the ladder and ready for a steady climb. You felt that you had a gift or talent and you were prepared to make great sacrifice for its development.

THERE is no royal road to the possession and retention of a gift. The path in its mastery and culmination is often strewn with obstacles and discouragement, but we cannot command success without intensive labor and persevering application.

All gifts and talents however humble have for their object the happiness and uplift of mankind. They all improve, exalt, and gladden life. They stand for wealth and are an ornament to riches. Our talents are our jewels and their grace is lost in their concealment.

Let us develop our talents and gifts and thereby bring happiness to ourselves and others and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

God's creatures in their natural way
Well comprehend their powers;
While we, whom reason ought to sway
Neglect the talents which are ours.

No gift develops by itself
Through effort it may shine;
A hidden gift will fade and rust
And lose its spark divine.

God gives his children talents rare,
Gifts for the good of man;
He pleads with us these gifts to share
To consummate His plan.

Reclaiming the Desert

By Evangeline Viner

This land was fashioned for men like stone,
Who feared not to face the desert alone;
Who hewed out homes with the toil of their hands,
And snatched their fields from the desert sands.
They toiled and labored through heat and cold;
What they gained, they continued to hold.
Brave were their women, who did not complain
When they bore children in sorrow and pain,
Wih no hands to ease or comfort them,
But the rough, kindly hands of their men.
They suffered the pangs of hunger and thirst,
But they hung on, from the last to the first.
None of that glorious band would retreat;
Not one would admit he had met defeat,
Until they had driven the desert away
And brought in the water, forever to stay.

Some Rain Must Fall

By Ruth M. Ostegar

JEAN ROWLAND'S spirits, like the barometer, showed a decided low. The day was cloudy and cold. The wind howled, moaned around the shabby, little house into which the Rowland's had been forced to move, then took itself off to shake down more leaves for Jean to rake up. The whole world looked dark and dreary.

Pausing in the middle of doing her morning work, Jean went to the dresser, pulled out her purse and slowly counted the pennies, nickles, dimes and quarters therein. "Four dollars and eighty-five cents," she told herself, "and Jimmie needs new shoes, Beth and Lena both need new coats and neither Henry nor I have had a new thing in months!" She thrust the purse savagely into the drawer and choked back the tears.

"It's terrible, to be so poor! I can't see why the Lord has to pick on us. We've always been faithful, paid our tithing, and tried to do right, and here Henry has been without regular work for nine months. It isn't fair! It almost makes me wish I had married for money like Susie Wright, or gone on teaching school and never married. I know there isn't a woman in town whom fate has treated so cruelly as it has me. At one blow, when the bank failed, we lost all our savings and Henry was thrown out of a job. Then we had to let the car and our home go, and—"

The door bell suddenly interrupted her tirade; she hastened to open the door.

"Good morning," her visitor smiled.

"Why come right in, Sister Meecham, we were going Relief Society teaching today wer'n't we? And I'd forgotten all about it. Sit down, I'll be ready in a minute."

"Oooo—the car feels nice after being in that cold wind," Jean said a few minutes later as she climbed into the car, and added, "Where are we going first today?"

"I think we had better call on Sister Merritt. You know her baby is awfully sick."

"What a shame! I hadn't heard of it. And she only has the one, too. What's the matter with it?"

"Pneumonia, the doctor says."

AS they entered the Merritt home they were greeted by the grave face and low voice of Brother Merritt. His hair looked a little whiter and his face showed the strain of the anxiety, worry and loss of sleep he had been suffering. He led them to the little bedside where Sister Merritt was so patiently awaiting the climax and doing what she could to ease the little sufferer.

The sight went straight to Jean's heart. What could she do or say in the face of such a situation? She knew the Merritt's whole life revolved around the little child, as they, like Sarah of old, had waited years before they had been blessed with a baby.

But Sister Meecham, who was older and more experienced, with a few gentle words and an arm slipped around the tired mother seemed to soothe her pent up feelings and bring new cheer and hope.

"Have you made arrangements

for anyone to stay with you tonight?" Jean finally asked.

"No! I couldn't sleep anyway!"

"But you must have some one or you will be sick yourself. While I don't know much about nursing, I'd be glad to come and relieve you."

"But you have your own children to look after," Sister Meecham interrupted. "We'll see if we can get Mary Green. All her children are practically grown and Betty is old enough to cook for the boys and her father. In fact it would do her good to have a little responsibility placed upon her.

The sisters finally departed, leaving a more peaceful spirit behind.

WE might as well go on right down the street and make our calls as they come," said Sister Meecham. "Getting a nice early start like we have this morning, there will be time enough to see Mary Green when we get there."

The next two calls proceeded in the usual manner, Sister Meecham giving the teacher's topic at the first place and Jean giving it at the next one. After their message was given and discussed they visited a few moments and hastened on their way.

For their fourth call, they left the street on which they had been calling and went up on the hill to visit at the home of Susie Wright, whom only that morning Jean had been envying. Ever since Susie had married Evanstown's wealthiest citizen she had neglected the church, and treated the Relief Society sisters rather condescendingly, if indeed she saw them at all. More often her maid simply stated that Mrs. Wright was not at home, even though they had seen her being driven in by her chauffeur but a few moments before. The call on Susie, therefore, was usually not a very enjoyable affair. As they walked up the path through the beautiful flower beds, beautiful still though summer was gone, Jean looked at her shabby clothes and almost wished that once again Mrs. Wright would be "not at home."

This time, however, they were admitted and shown into the beautifully furnished drawing room. Jean looked around the lovely room and sighed as she thought of her own weather-beaten little cottage.

"Oh it must be wonderful to have a beautiful home like this, with all the money you need and a maid to do all your work," she thought. "If only I could change places with her for a little while! It would do her a lot of good to be real poor for a while. It would take a lot of snobbishness out of her, too."

At first when Susie entered there was a cool, aloofness about her which, although Jean had known her ever since they were children together, made her feel rather uncomfortable. But dear Sister Meecham started in on the topic with her usually clever manner and little by little Susie seemed to become interested in spite of herself, and would add a word or make a comment here and there.

"It seems to me," Sister Meecham finally remarked, "that a great many of our social problems could be solved if there were only more real, true, self-sacrificing love in the world, and not so much greed and selfishness."

"Love!" It was almost a moan that escaped Susie's lips and both her guests looked up quickly to see her eyes fill with tears. For a second it looked as though she were going to break down and cry, but she quickly gained her self-control and changing the subject, remarked, casually, "Beastly weather we're

having, isn't it? Autumn is so gloomy, it always makes me terribly blue."

The talk changed to lighter subjects for a few minutes until Jean unwittingly chanced to make the remark, "Oh, Susie, you surely ought to be the happiest woman in the world, with beauty and culture all around you and all the money you need; especially now that there is so much poverty and suffering on every hand."

"Happy? The happiest woman in the world?" Again Susie's eyes filled with tears, but this time it was a little too much for her to hold them back, and she sobbed, "How can I be happy when I have no one in the world to love?" With this she broke down and sobbed almost hysterically for a moment, then:

"My husband never loved me. He just married me because I was beautiful and popular." Her words were punctuated with sobs, but she continued, "I have no children — he doesn't want any—I hate him! My father and mother are both gone, and I have no real friends, they care only for my money. Oh, if I only had someone to really love." Then she broke into uncontrolled sobs before her astonished visitors.

After a few moments, while Sister Meecham tried to once again act as a comforter, Susie ceased crying and apologized for breaking down before them. She blamed the weather again for her despondency, and begged them not to breathe a word of what had happened. Finally she bade them goodbye, after they had assured her of their friendship and help if she ever needed them.

As they once more walked through the garden, the utter loneliness of her situation struck both of them, and Sister Meecham said, as she shook her head, "All is not gold that glitters."

MRS. JONES, the next lady on the list was not at home. "She's probably doing her own teaching since this is the last day," Jean remarked. "And that leaves us only one more, doesn't it?"

"Yes, just Mary Green, and I surely hope she can stay with Mrs. Merritt part of the time for a few days."

As the car stopped in front of the gate, the front door opened and Mary Green, with red, swollen eyes, and a worried look, walked rapidly down the path and greeted them.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, I just needed someone. I believe God must have sent you to me."

"Why, what's the matter?" both women asked. "What's wrong?"

"It's Betty," she told them as they walked into the house. "You know she has been running around with that Benson fellow. Everybody knows he's no good. I've tried my best to make her see what she was doing, but she just refused to listen, and last night there was a terrible scene. You know how stubborn and hard her father is; he never understood her, and last night he forbade her ever seeing him again. I know it was very unwise. He realizes it, too, now, but some time during the night she ran away."

"Ran away!" again came the chorus.

"Yes, I called her early this morning to get up and get breakfast while I started the washing, and she wasn't there. Her room was empty."

"Perhaps she is just with some of her friends," Jean suggested.

"I thought of that, but I've called every one I can think of and no one has seen or heard of her. I'm almost crazy! Her father's gone now to see if he can locate Benson. I don't know what will come of it all."

After doing what they could to cheer her up and reassure her, Jean

left, as it was not far home and she wanted to get her work done up early, as she could see that it would be out of the question now to ask Mrs. Green to go and spend the night with Mrs. Merritt. Jean felt that she could be spared from her home now that her husband wasn't working, and she was anxious to do something to help.

Mrs. Meecham, who had long been Mrs. Green's best friend, decided to stay with her for a few hours, as Mrs. Green had begged her to do so.

WHEN Henry Rowland returned to dinner discouraged and blue after an unsuccessful attempt to find work, he was greeted by a singing, smiling wife. Kissing him, she led him to the nearest rocker and brought his slippers, which she assisted him to put on. Then she sat on the arm of his chair, facing him, and taking his tired face between her hands she said, "Cheer up, dear, it isn't so bad to be poor."

"You're a brick, dear. It's on your account that I've hated it so much."

"Oh, there's lots of things worse than poverty. I went Relief Society teaching today, but it was I who learned the biggest lesson.

" 'In all life some rain must fall.' But, Henry dear, we have love, faith, children, friends, we're all well and we have no family troubles or broken hearts, and though poor, we've still so many things to be thankful for!" With another kiss she ran in to take up the steaming dishes she had prepared for dinner.

MRS. MARY DURNEY, OF ST. ANTHONY, AND HER SEVEN DAUGHTERS

Sister Durney has given over twenty-five years' service in Relief Society.

A Personnel Department for the Home

By Leola Seely

NOT all girls are happy on entering college, but—they could be, said Nettie Neff Smart, Dean of Women of Brigham Young University, in a recent interview. And from her years of observation and personal acquaintance with the problems of hundreds of girls Dean Smart suggested a workable plan through which all girls might enter college in confident anticipation of a joyous new life.

What our girls need when they come to college is a broader and more secure foundation upon which to build the framework of the new lives they construct in college, Dean Smart believes. They need more conviction and assurance in their judgments as they make adjustments to their new environment.

As a project for the New Year, in anticipation of the entrance into colleges of hundreds of girls next fall, Dean Smart offered this brief outline of her practical plan:

A Family Personnel Department, corresponding to the Personnel Department of the University, could be established in each home. Its purpose would be to become acquainted with all the little quirks and twists in the individual natures of its members that make each a different and interesting being, and to adjust everyone's quirks to fit everyone's twists congenially.

Father might be the head of the department with Mother as chief advisor. Each of the children would hold a responsible office, for this is one small unit of investigation and group instruction.

Suppose we assign to Father the duty of studying the individual personalities in our family group. Perhaps this week he can point out a few good points in each personality that we would do well to strengthen, and suggest a few really practical ways for improving the one or two qualities which are not so admirable that he finds among us. Supplemented by a few simple rules formulated by Mother, telling us just what characteristics of personality will make us charming, well-bred, well loved girls, we have a summary of the individual personality of each of us to compare with the standard Mother puts up for attainment.

For this week one of the girls, an older one, could consult a reliable source of information and find out in just what points college girls are negligent, and suggest a few items that all girls need to know when they enter a University. She will no doubt include such common rules as courtesy, consideration, honesty, reliability, responsibility. For this week it will be enough to discuss these first principles, courtesy and consideration.

WHEN a girl comes to Brigham Young University, she finds a great many people willing and eager to help her to have a good time. They demand, however, that she be a refined girl, that she not make herself unpleasantly conspicuous by loud talking and laughing on the campus or streets that she respect the rights of other girls with whom she lives.

Mothers who take girls into their homes as boarders or roomers expect those girls to be a happy addition to their homes. Considera-

tion of the wishes of these house-mothers, adherence to the standards they set up for their own families, appreciation of the efforts of house-mothers to make things comfortable and pleasant for the girls, stamp a girl as being refined. Girls who are careless of these fine details which are so vital a part of that foundation which Dean Smart would have them build, find it hard to fit into the life of the University.

Suppose we ask another of the girls at home to find out what ideals the University social life sets up. If we discuss these in our family circle we can determine a number of ways to adjust to them when we get to college.

Perhaps our ideas about boys are the hardest for us to agree on. Our modern Mother will not impose ridiculously old-fashioned rules: she will advocate the refined and gracious atmosphere of pleasant companionship. She will probably tell us to bid our gentlemen friends good-night by twelve o'clock, not because that is the only possible hour, but because most of the fun there is can be squeezed in before that, and that first class comes so early in the morning! And besides, there are other nights. A whole nine months' worth of nights for enjoyment.

Within the social groups of the campus the girls uphold high ideals. All have definite rules against such conduct as smoking or drinking. All sponsor a high standard of scholarship, sportsmanship, and loyalty. The girl who infringes on the rules is quietly eased out if she will not adjust.

One other sister in our family group might look up the problems of study that a girl always faces when she enters college. What shall she study? Does she want a home? Most of our girls do, Dean Smart confided. Almost all Mormon girls have that goal set as their objective, and that is as it should be.

Should a girl study for a career? Why not? She is enriched for her own home life if, along with the fundamentals, she can develop a talent or two. As an expert of domestic art or domestic science, a student of education, music, or the arts, she builds a splendid addition to her ability to become a good wife and mother. And every girl should know some business, Dean Smart declared. All wives have household accounts that need intelligent attention.

Should a career supplant all other activities? Dean Smart believes not. All the fine things that can be packed into one short lifetime, all the things that enrich, enlarge, and intensify our joy should go into that life, and college is over-flowing with all of these things.

Girls are coming to college younger now than formerly. They need definite standards, reliable judgments of values, powers of discrimination, Dean Smart emphasized. These they must get at home before they come to college. On these rests their ability to adjust successfully and quickly to the new life.

DEAN SMART believes that it would be a worthwhile project for every home, this New Year, to initiate a Personnel Department whose officers and members are Father, Mother, and the Children; whose purpose is to get acquainted with themselves; to help each other to develop those ideals and powers so necessary to a complete adjustment; and to lay that broad, secure foundation upon which to build a beautiful character, whose influence will exceed the limits of individual capacity and spill over into the lives of others.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Carbon Stake

AS the time approaches for our *Magazine* Drive, the splendid efforts of the sisters during the past year come to our attention. The picture below is of the Helper Ward Relief Society, which staged the delightful little play, "The Spirit of the Magazine." This was presented to a large and enthusiastic audience of Relief Society workers and friends. The cast of the play was composed entirely of Relief Society members who acquitted themselves with great credit if the comments from the community are to be taken as evidence. The play not only was helpful and entertaining, but it did much to help in the *Relief Society Magazine* subscription campaign.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINE—HELPER WARD

Northern States Mission

ANOTHER evidence of the fact that the Relief Society work is a great factor in the Missions comes from the Northern States. Recently an order for twenty-seven copies of *Handicrafts for Every Woman,* was received. The enthusiastic and devoted leadership in this mission is most anxious to give to the sisters the advantages that arise from the use of this fine book, along with all the other educational programs offered by the Relief Society.

British Mission

AMONG the very delightful callers at the office during the Summer was Sister Trixie Cussans, President of the Belfast Branch of the Irish District Relief Society. Sister Cussans, in her visit to Utah gave a very fine report of Relief Society work among the Irish sisters. Many young women, non-members of the Church, participate in the work.

Woodruff Stake (Diamondville Ward)

THE picture below is interesting as it is so typical of the spirit of Relief Society, including, as it does, the mature sisters who have had the experience of life and the young women who approach it with courage, faith and hope.

DIAMONDVILLE, WARD

Tooele Stake

THE following quotation from the Tooele Stake Chorister and Organist, Sisters Lizzie Barrus and Ada Higginson, needs no explanation:

"To satisfy a need common to us all—a need for a greater appreciation of the spiritual values of life, the Music Department of the Tooele Stake Relief Society has inaugurated a study of the origins and themes of our Latter-day Saint Hymns. Songs of worship express the thoughts and aims of man in his ideal state, and as such, help to elevate and anchor our thoughts, and through our thoughts, our actions to the more lasting joys of living.

"We stimulate discussion and research by preparing a questionnaire on some of our hymns for each Union Meeting. We hope that the uplifting influence of the literary gems embodied in the words and the soul-satisfying expressions found in their wonderful melodies will become an integral and permanent influence in our lives."

Timpanogos Stake

ANOTHER evidence of the great interest in the scripture reading project comes from the Timpanogos Stake. The delightful pictures which appear tell the story of the beautiful pastoral—Ruth, which was part of a program given on January 22, 1935, in honor of the Visiting Teachers of the Timpanogos Stake Relief Society. In this stake there are 145 teachers, and all have made 100% visits the last four years. The program consisted of community singing, ladies' quartette, piano and

1. Naomi and her family as they journey to Moab.
2. The kinsman gives Boaz the right to buy the property of Naomi and to marry Ruth.

violin selections, and six dramatized Bible stories from the Old Testament, one given by each of the six wards. These were well presented and the staging and costuming very attractively worked out. Three hundred were in attendance at this convention in the afternoon, after which refreshments were served. Four hundred Primary children then assembled and enjoyed a review of the Bible stories in pageant form that had been so well prepared and presented to the Relief Society members.

Big Horn Stake

A VERY splendid report of the activities of the Big Horn Stake came to the office recently. Reports of the past have indicated how enthusiastically this Relief Society puts into effect the activities sponsored.

Sunday, May 12, three members

Pastoral Ruth presented by Timpanogos Stake

of the stake board accompanied two representatives of the Seventies Quorum to Ten Sleep to attend a Sacrament meeting, traveling a return distance of two hundred and thirty miles. The Relief Society officers were given an opportunity to explain the purpose and function of this organization. At the close of the Sacrament meeting President Hazel N. Boyack presided at a meeting of sixteen women interested in effecting an organization. The requirements for such an organization were presented by the Stake officers after which the sisters expressed unanimous desire to have an organization. The officers were then sustained and set apart under the direction of President Partridge. A young mother, Doris Rice, is the president. Ten Sleep was formerly a part of the Worland Branch. There are about sixty-seven Latter-day Saints residing in this locality and this is their first auxiliary organization. There were eight organizations in the stake seven years ago when the present board was appointed, and there are now fifteen.

St. Joseph Stake

THE Layton Relief Society of St. Joseph Stake recently carried on a very successful project. After the literary lesson on biography, the teacher asked each member to write a sketch of her mother. They were to be brief word pictures portraying character. Thirteen women responded. The meeting where extracts from the sketches were used was most interesting. While our space does not permit our printing these sketches, we commend the teacher and the writers for successfully carrying out this valuable project

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXII OCTOBER, 1935 No. 10

EDITORIAL

Campaign For Peace

THE Women's International League has announced that it is launching a world-wide campaign for peace. A People's Mandate to Governments to end war will be circulated throughout the world. The campaign was opened on Jane Addams' birthday, September 6, 1935, when it was expected meetings would be held simultaneously all over the world. Following these meetings the campaign for signatures will be carried on. It is hoped that at least 12,000,000 signatures will be obtained in the United States.

"The Mandate calls on Governments having renounced War in the Kellogg-Briand Pact to stop preparations for war, use existing agencies to settle present conflicts, and secure international action for disarmament and economic cooperation."

Mass meetings, conferences, group meetings—every kind of activity at which public opinion can be aroused and signatures secured—will be undertaken. Well-known speakers of the Women's International League will be sent to every possible country. The work will be carried on through organizations. Every possible group, labor union, church groups, women's clubs, business men's clubs, peace organizations, college organizations, political organizations, etc., will be asked to cooperate. All should work together to maintain peace.

Narcotics Education

THE Foundation for Narcotics Research and Information reports that great strides toward the proper education of high school and college students in the grave dangers of narcotics, principally bev-

erage alcohol, are being made by the Foundation.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, has enlisted the support of more than 5,000 high school principals in a campaign undertaken only a few weeks ago to have narcotics education included in the 1935-36 curricula.

Professor Fisher suggests in a letter to 23,000 principals that the text book "Narcotics and Youth Today," by Robert E. Corradini, be used. Through funds of the Foundation it is possible for these principals to have a free copy of the book. "Narcotics and Youth Today" was published by the Foundation for the use of schools and colleges. It deals with every phase of the narcotics problem.

Alcohol, which has falsely been considered as chiefly stimulant, is shown to be actually a depressant giving only the illusion of stimulation through first paralyzing the governing or control functions of the body.

The Foundation realizes that never before has there been greater need for accurate information on the narcotic question. We quote the following paragraphs from "Narcotics and Youth Today."

"Youth has the right to demand of scientific research the truth, clear and impartial, as to the findings on alcohol and other narcotic drugs. This book has been written to meet that need.

"The coming of the machine and the release of tremendous power units of energy into the hands of many technically unprepared, and of some temperamentally unfit, are creating problems with which no previous generation has had to cope.

"Young people today must face the narcotics question, especially the alcohol problem. It is inescapable. Advertising—much of it misleading—is facing us in the press, in magazines, entering our homes over the air and filling the screen of our amusement centers. What attitude should the young people take on this question? On the one hand, there are prejudices and the traditions of thousands of years, handed down from generation to generation. On the other, we have the new knowledge which comes from our research laboratories almost daily. Often tradition and science do not coincide.

"The intelligent, scientific attitude of our youth today should be to face the narcotics question in the light of our present-day knowledge. It should determine the course of future action by what it has learned in school about nutrition, chemistry, physiology, biology, psychology and all the other sciences which put at the disposal of the modern student such a wealth of information, the like of which no previous generation has ever known.

"A totally drunken person is not very dangerous as he cannot operate modern machines. If he attempts to operate one, he can be 'spotted' immediately.

"The really dangerous man today is the moderate drinker who is only slightly under the influence of alcohol. He is quite capable of starting and operating a machine, certainly an automobile, but in an emergency he may miscalculate the speed of an approaching car, or the distance between himself and a pedestrian. . . . The drinker, overestimating his ability, will take chances which may end in a fatal accident.

"The effects on the nervous system after an ordinary drink will last for several hours. The average in-

dividual cannot consider himself normal for several hours after a drink of alcohol, even though he may not feel any particular effect."

A Wonderful Year

THE time draws near for our opening meetings. We expect our 1935-36 year of Relief Society activity to be an outstanding one. We hope all our officers are enthusiastically planning to make this the best year in our history. Each season should surpass the previous ones, for we have them to profit by. To insure this, every detail should be attended to, every office filled with efficient, enthusiastic officers. The program should be carefully planned and provision made so that there shall be no failures. People should be notified of the opening meeting and cordially invited to attend. Meetings should begin on time. Officers should not wait for the people to come, but when the time arrives for commencement, the opening song should be rendered. Meetings should also close on time, so that the members will know exactly how long they will be in meeting. Our music should be made more effective. Our lessons should be better socialized. Our work days will this year receive new impetus through our book "Handicraft for Every Woman," and through the suggestions offered in the Magazine. Let all remember, however, that no matter how well every detail is attended to and how carefully the work is planned, unless through prayerful seeking the Holy Spirit is present with its directing power and sweet influence the meetings will lack their most potent power.

We extend greetings and best wishes to all our officers and members and hope that their joy in Relief Society work will be greater than ever before.

Value of Travel

THE other day I met a charming woman who had traveled extensively. I was impressed with the clear vision she had of problems and how well she understood people. Her eyes flashed as she said, "It is the people, the people, I am interested in."

Those who are fortunate enough to travel should make the study of peoples their greatest problem. It is a joy to visit beautiful buildings, it is interesting to see what man has accomplished, but the greatest value of such opportunities is that it makes people realize what man has wrought. People who have come from their travels should again and again dwell upon their experiences. To recount the beautiful things they have seen and to tell of the interesting people they have met impresses these things upon their minds and makes their trip of far greater future value. Travelers should always return from a journey with a deeper understanding of people and their problems and with more love for and interest in mankind.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in March)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON VI

Introduction of the Temple Endowment

1. *The Brick Store.* In modern times, the temple endowment was introduced by the Prophet Joseph Smith in a large upstairs room, often spoken of by him as the "Council Chamber," situated above his store, Wednesday, May 4, 1842. It will be recalled that when the Prophet moved to Nauvoo, he took up his abode in a log house which was present on the ground at the time of its purchase. The house faced the south and was situated on a slightly elevated tract of land only a few rods from the edge of the mighty Mississippi, which at this place flowed locally toward the southeast. The principal north-south street of Nauvoo was so located that it passed within a few feet of the east side of the house. The first east-west street to the north was Water Street. This arrangement of the streets and the river gave the Prophet a triangular tract, at the southeast corner of which was his residence, and the northwest corner, his store at the banks of the river and Water Street.

2. The building itself was a two-story brick structure facing the north. It was roughly thirty feet wide by fifty feet long, substantially roofed and ornamented with a somewhat massive cornice. At the front, on the ground floor, was an ordinary double door, flanked on each side by a window about as large as the door itself. Above on the second floor were three windows of slightly smaller dimensions. The building in its entirety was not unlike the regulation "co-op store" subsequently built in many of the smaller villages and towns of Utah. The upper story of this building was the Prophet's "Council Chamber," and, as stated above, marks the place where the temple endowment was first given in modern times.

3. *Divine Instruction.* The doctrine of baptism for the dead was first made known to the saints in a sermon preached by the Prophet at the funeral of Elder Seymour Bronson, August 10, 1840. Thereafter for a short time the saints were given the privilege of performing this ordinance in the Mississippi river. Then on the 19th of January, 1841, the Prophet received a revelation giving further information on this subject. Touching the matter of baptism for the dead, the Lord said: "For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth, that they, my saints, may be baptized for those who are dead—*for this ordinance belongeth to my house,* and cannot be acceptable to me, only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to build a house unto me. But I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house (Nauvoo temple) unto me; and I grant unto you a sufficient time to build a house unto me, and during this time your baptisms shall be acceptable unto me." (D. and C. 124: 28-31) It is well known, of course, that even long before the temple was completed, the baptismal font was dedicated and extensively used.

4. But the revelation above quoted

is plainly not limited in its purpose to the matter of baptism for the dead, as witness the following: "How shall your washings be acceptable unto me, except ye perform them in a house which you have built to my name? For, for this cause I commanded Moses that he should build a tabernacle, that they should bear it with them in the wilderness, and to build a house in the land of promise, that those ordinances might be revealed which had been hid from before the world was. Therefore, verily I say unto you, that your anointings, and your washings, and your baptisms for the dead, and your solemn assemblies, and your memorials for your sacrifices by the sons of Levi, and for your oracles in your most holy places wherein you receive conversations, and your statutes and judgments, for the beginning of the revelations and foundation of Zion, and for the glory, honor, and endowment of all her municipals, are ordained by the ordinance of my holy house, which my people are always commanded to build unto my holy name. And verily I say unto you, let this house be built unto my name, that I may reveal mine ordinances therein unto my people; for I deign to reveal unto my church things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, things which pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times." (Verses 37-41)

5. Then the Lord makes the following significant promise: *"I will show unto my servant Joseph all things pertaining to this house, and the priesthood thereof."* (Verse 42)

6. *The First Endowments.* The precise date upon which the Lord fulfilled this promise to the Prophet does not appear to be of record. But inasmuch as the endowments were given only slightly more than a year after the promise was made, it must have been within that time. Why the Prophet did not wait until the temple was completed is likewise unknown. He may have been spurred on by a desire to share the incomparable blessing with his brethren, or he may have feared that his life might be cut short by his ever-threatening enemies. More likely, it was the result of direct instruction from the Lord.

7. Nevertheless, on the fourth day of May, 1842, he gathered together a number of his faithful brethren in the room above his store and administered the endowment to them. Here is his own statement of what occurred: "I spent the day in the upper part of the store * * * in council with General James Adams, of Springfield, Patriarch Hyrum Smith, Bishops Newel K. Whitney and George Miller, and President Brigham Young and Elders Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, instructing them in the principles and order of the priesthood, attending to washings, anointings, endowments and the communication of Keys pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood, and so on to the highest order of the Melchizedek Priesthood, setting forth the order pertaining to the Ancient of Days, and all those plans and principles by which any one is enabled to secure the fulness of those blessings which have been prepared for the Church of the First Born, and come up and abide in the presence of Eloheim in the eternal worlds.

8. *"In this council was instituted the ancient order of things for the first time in these last days.* And the communications I made to this council were of things spiritual, and to be received only by the spiritual mind-

ed; and there was nothing made known to these men but what will be made known to all the Saints of the last days, so soon as they are prepared to receive, and a proper place is prepared to communicate them, even to the weakest of the Saints; therefore let the Saints be diligent in building the Temple and all houses which they have been, or shall hereafter be, commanded of God to build; and wait their time with patience in all meekness, faith, perseverance unto the end, knowing assuredly that all these things referred to in this council are always governed by the principle of revelation." (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, pp. 1, 2) The Prophet states that on the following day he and his brother, Hyrum, received in turn from the others, the same that he had communicated to them the day before.

9. *Extension Intended.* That the Prophet planned that the endowment should be extended to all of the worthy members of the Church is plainly evident from the following statement, made by him at a conference of the church, April 8, 1844, scarcely three months before his assassination. At this time the baptismal font was dedicated and in use, but the temple was not yet completed. Here is his statement: "As soon as the temple and baptismal font are prepared, we calculate to give the Elders of Israel their washings and anointings, and to attend to those lost and more impressive ordinances, without which we cannot obtain celestial thrones. But there must be a holy place prepared for that purpose. There was a proclamation made during the time that the foundation of the temple was laid to the effect. * * * Every man who wishes to save his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and friends, must go through all the ordinances for each of them separately the same as for himself, from baptism to ordination, washings, and anointings, and receive all the Keys and powers of the Priesthood, the same as for himself." (*History of the Church,* Vol. VI, p. 319)

10. Concerning the Nauvoo temple Dr. James E. Talmage in his book, *The House of the Lord,* says: "By October, 1845, the building was so well advanced that large assemblies therein were possible. The general autumnal conference of the church for that year was held within the walls; and the congregation present on October 5th numbered fully five thousand souls. During December, 1845, and the early months of 1846, many of the saints received their blessings and endowments in the temple, for which purpose parts of the structure had been duly consecrated; but not until the end of April was the building as a whole ready for dedication." (p. 133)

11. *Growth of the Work.* It is a source of much satisfaction to the saints that a work of so small a beginning has expanded into such gigantic proportions. On that original day some six persons received their endowments. But although quite unsuited to the purpose, the Council Chamber above the store at once became a sacred shrine—the "first ordinance temple" proper in the church. Today the church has seven magnificent temples built and dedicated especially for this purpose. Many millions of dollars are invested in these structures. They are by far the most beautiful buildings in the localities in which they are situated. They represent the best efforts of the Latter-day Saints. They are regarded as most sacred, and only those who are faithful in living the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a high degree are permitted to enter.

12. At the time the first endowment ceremony was administered, the church had a population of, roughly, 25,000; today it has increased to nearly three-quarters of a million. On the occasion of the first endowment not a dozen persons were in attendance; at present thousands of people visit the temple daily.

13. *Universality of the Requirement.* It should be readily apparent to all sound thinking people that no goal can be reached without complying with the laws that make its attainment possible. If we would reach a distant objective, we must travel to it. If we would satisfy our hungry bodies, we must give them food. If we would attain desired intellectual heights, we must make the necessary efforts. There is no such thing as getting something for nothing in nature. There is no such thing as chance or fortuity; on the contrary, every result is based on the operation of law. The Lord, through Joseph Smith, states the matter thus: "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated — and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." (D. and C. 130:20, 21)

14. As applied to the subject matter of this lesson these facts mean that if baptism is necessary to the salvation of any one of God's children—whether living or dead—it is similarly necessary to the salvation of all others; otherwise the requirement would not be based upon law, for it will be recalled, there are no exceptions to law.

15. Just how the great majority of Christian people reach the conclusion that God will make definite requirements of one individual—and condemn him to everlasting punishment if he does not meet them—and not of another, is indeed difficult to understand. The attitude is not only unreasonable but disharmonious with every human experience. Perhaps the most outstanding achievement of modern investigation is the discovery of the invariability of law and the total absence of chance or fortuity. It is quite apparent, therefore, that if the temple endowment is requisite to the highest degree of human attainment for those who are alive, it is similarly requisite for those who are dead.

16. Nor does the fact that the work for the dead has to be done by some one else detract from the soundness of the argument. Cases of vicarious work are well-nigh universal. Attorneys act for their clients; boards of directors perform the business of the stockholders; the President of the United States officiates for the American people; and the Savior died for the sins of the world.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Have you any suggestions as to why the Lord permitted the temple endowment to be introduced at such a humble place?

2. Why in your judgment is it necessary to perform the ordinance of baptism for the dead in an especially prepared sanctuary?

3. Imagine the church without temples and without the temple endowment. What strength would it have lost?

4. What strength comes to the church through the extension of the temple endowment to the entire worthy membership, rather than to a few of its leaders?

5. Ascertain from your genealogi-

cal committee the rate at which baptism for the dead is going forward in your ward. Your stake.

6. Discuss the injustices that would arise if Divine requirements were not universal.

Teachers' Topic

(For March, 1936)

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."—Proverbs 22:1.

A GOOD name comes as the result of living in accordance with high standards and ideals, some of which are: honesty, righteous living, trustworthiness, dependability, industry, true unselfishness, spirituality. Someone has said that the progress of a family, a city, a state or even a nation, depends upon the good name and character of the people.

Every individual must make a name for himself. He may inherit a name that is good and honorable, but only by sustaining it with his own righteous effort—that of a good and acceptable life, can he retain or hold it. Even though once established through a lifetime of living in accordance with the highest and noblest standards and ideals, a good name may become tarnished by a lapse of interest and effort in maintaining it, or it may actually be destroyed by bad behavior, dishonesty or evil doing.

A good name may be injured by one's associates either intentionally or thoughtlessly. To injure a name or a character is a most serious matter. Such a wrong may never be righted.

A good name is its own reward. A good name, with all those factors which produce it, brings satisfaction, contentment, peace, joy and success. In fact it brings that loving favor which is preferable to silver and gold, or any amount of piled up wealth. Andrew Carnegie once said, "I would prefer to lose my wealth rather than my good name and character which I have tried hardest to build and maintain."

What a satisfaction and reward comes to the man or woman whose name inspires confidence and trust, whose name stands for all those virtues which men regard as most important and worthwhile! What a satisfaction and comfort comes to their friends and associates because of this good name, and the good life and character which upholds and sustains it! The testimony in court of a witness who bears a good name has great weight, and counts for much. In the financial world a good name is like magic.

The importance and desirability of a good name should always be paramount in our lives. In our quest for success, which we sometimes think comes from position and power and worldly wealth, let us not lose sight of this unchangeable truth that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Topics and Questions for Discussion

1. Why is a good name "rather to be chosen than great riches?"
2. How long does it take to build up a good name?
3. How long does it take to destroy a good name?
4. Why should one be careful never to besmirch another's good name?

5. Memorize:

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."
—*Othello*—*Shakespeare.*

Work and Business

The picture of the wicker chair opposite page 45 of Handicraft for Everywoman is of one in which President Louise Y. Robison rocked her babies.

It was worn and almost useless until Mrs. Beeley found it. Now it is repaired and refinished and will become a treasured heirloom to be enjoyed by her children.

On pages 167 and 185 references are given of sources of information about Basket Weaving and Willow Craft.

Pages 42 to 45 tells how to refinish Reed and Wicker Furniture. It is worthwhile to know how and to do this sort of work. Try it.

SUGGESTIVE STUDY ON CONSUMER PROBLEMS

THE responsibility of the consumer for the kinds of goods on the market, and for better conditions of labor and fair wages is being emphasized. Her demands may work for or against rapid change in fashion and supply and her manner of living may effect the demand and hence the value of commodities. The peculiar type of thought and emotion one has in buying some articles, especially clothing, plays a bigger part in her wise selection than her intelligence. One of the important reasons for success in modern advertising is that these very human traits have been carefully studied by advertisers and their methods adapted to take advantage of the same. Can not these same methods be used in an effort to further the use of standards, grades and proper labeling. In trying to make selection whether over the counter or in catalogues one has a feeling of helplessness about deciding which item best suits her needs. Grades and descriptions are so much alike that she has to rely chiefly on price, an indirect measure of quality.

Evaluation of Guides Which Most Consumers Use

A. Advertising.
   1. Has only few if any definite statements regarding quality of products.
   2. Most appealing by use of bright attractive colors, by endorsements of famous people, love of beauty, vanity, pride, rather than by actual value of goods.
   3. Limited information not dependable.

B. Advice of Clerks.
   1. Majority of clerks do not give accurate information regarding quality of merchandise.
   2. Clerks do not always agree on information given out from time to time.
   3. Most of them do not deliberately misinform—they lack training.

C. Trademarks—Guarantees.

1. Because trademarks give no information one has to rely entirely on company's integrity.
2. Unless guarantees are stated in clear definite terms they have no value.
3. Labels differ in amount of information they give but some valuable help is obtained if everything on label is read.

D. Price.

1. Varies too widely.
2. Most expensive articles not always best in quality.

Questions for Discussion

1. Evaluate the guides most women use in household buying.
2. How much technical knowledge of commodities is practical for the average housewife?
3. Why are manufacturers and producers reticent about accepting a program of standards and specifications for consumer buying?
4. What would be the advantage of the housewife in buying by specification?
5. How does demand in certain commodities effect their value and price?
6. In what way is the consumer responsible for labor conditions and fair wages?

Literature

(For Third Week in March)

ADVENTURES IN READING

EL DORADO

"I am part of all I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch where-thru
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

—*Tennyson.*

THE world moves apace but the wonders still remain for knights seeking an El Dorado. Some to the four corners of the earth go to satisfy their yearnings; some to the misty past to discover pages unworded and heroes unsung; some find magic enough in the throbbing humanity of a great city's heart.

If perchance to the quest comes the reward of finding a hidden meaning to the wonder of it all, the quest of El Dorado is well paid.

Rudyard Kipling—Literary Vagabond

Rudyard Kipling, a modern Ulysses, sailed beyond the sunset. India, Africa, and America were his horizons; "drinking life to the lees" he sailed home to his beloved Sussex Downs to dream and to tell tales and to sing songs. So widespread were his travels and so deep his understanding of the peoples that he met, it is said that if you follow him about in his books you will see the world and you will know better how to read the book of mankind.

In Bombay, "where the world-end steamers meet" Rudyard Kipling was born in 1865. His father was a professor of architecture in the School of Art in Bombay, while his beautiful, gifted mother was sis-

ter to the wife of Sir Edward Paynter and the wife of Sir Edmund Burne-Jones, distinguished Englishmen and artists. Like all Anglo-Indian children, "Ruddie" early learned the language of his "ayar," his native nurse, and the stories of Shir, Hari, and Mowgli. At an early age the boy was sent to England to school a lonely "Wee Willie Winkie." After a brilliant record with well-earned prizes for literature at the United Service Military College, Kipling returned to India. In 1883 he became attached to the editorial staff of the Civil and Military Gazette at Lahore. After varied service for the paper, the young journalist begged permission to go to the frontier to write up "Tommy Atkins." He came back with material for the well-known "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack-Room Ballads;" also an understanding of animal and human nature to be later fused into the wonderful "Jungle Books" and "Plain Tales from the Hills." Finding no sale for his stories, Kipling left for London visiting Hong Kong, San Francisco, and New York on the way.

Soon the rugged honesty of theme and expression caught the attention of London readers and Kipling was established as a teller of tales. With the publication of "The Man Who Would Be King," the vagabond went on his way again, round the world once more. In Vermont he met and married Miss Carolyn Balestier, 1892. For five years a home on the mountain slopes of Brattleboro, Vermont, was made. Here two children were born and many of the famous tales were written for their nursery days; also "Captain Courageous," a stirring tale of the Grand Banks and the sailors, was written. In 1897 he left the United States for South Africa and later for England.

As one of the most venerated figures of contemporary literature, Kipling has been honored as rector of St. Andrews, Scotland, and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907. When the World War came, Kipling gave his son and a record of his sorrow in a small book of verse "The Years Between." Today he is the one writer of English who satisfies two audiences, the multitude who read to be amused; and the cultured minority who read for art's sake. Devoted to the quiet home life on Sussex Downs, Mr. Kipling is still deeply in earnest about his writing—"not an Amos or an Isaiah" but as Irvin S. Cobb found him, not "Englishy English," but a cosmopolitan.

Kipling's Place in Literature

It is said that when Kipling arrived in the literary circles of the Puritanical and Classical, book lovers were shocked, the tone and the flavor of his expression offended. But in almost lightning time, his songs and tales were welcome because the world knew his Mulvaney and Gunga Din; they understood his "Tommy Atkins" and "Danny Deever;" they could carry the rhythm of "Mandelay;" they recognized the world-wide sympathy of a many-sided genius. Today Rudyard Kipling stands, the one English writer whom criticism cannot injure because his followers and his friends are legion. His best prose works are "Puck of Pook's Hill," a romance of the days of Roman Rule in early Britain, "Kim," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "The Jungle Stories." The best creations are "Mowgli" and "Tommy Atkins;" this is as faithful a creation as Shakespeare's Falstaff.

To the world, for many years, Rudyard Kipling was a ballad-singer because of his "Barrack-Room

Ballads" and the "Departmental Ditties." Then came the awakening of the English people to the realization that he was something more. The poem "Recessional" was accepted as one of the significant poems of the age. The whole world accepted the truth "we are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men" and must be reminded as such "lest we forget." "The Recessional" was the Jubilee Ode and all the British Empire was celebrating. But in no way did the ode celebrate victory, but emphasized the truth expressed by Mathew Arnold that the English National character was built on an idealism that proceeded from the Hebrew mind rather than from Greek thought and from the influence of the Reformation rather than from the Renaissance,—it was less concerned with intelligence than with conduct. Kipling brought this truth to the view of all by the words of the prayer which closed the "Recessional."

"God of our fathers, known to all—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
* * * * * *
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

In later poems Kipling expressed more definitely his religious belief—the religion of human endeavor. Self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control are embodied in the beautiful poem "If," a rigorous code expressed in the simplest language. In the poem, "Life's Handicaps," not as well known, we note:

"By my own work, before the night,
Great overseer, I made my prayer."

In a poem not sufficiently well-known Kipling sees man perfected:

"And only the Master shall praise us,
and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
and no one shall work for fame,
And each for the joy of working,
and each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it,
for the God of things as they
are."

Kipling's religion is a religion of action, one the Mulvaneys, Godsbys, and Stricklands can live, a religion for the cloisters of the day's work. From the post-war poems in the volume, "The Years Between," "Zion," "Mary's Son" and "Gethsemane," bear testimony to the depth of religious feeling to which this poet's expression is tuned.

Alfred Noyes—Knight of El Dorado

Alfred Noyes, melodious singer, whose poetical recreation is hunting with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, whose quest, a literary El Dorado, and who gives his postal address "in care of Oberon," is one of the most youthful spirits in contemporary literature.

Alfred Noyes is truly a man. Abounding in physical vigor sparkling with personal magnetism, and mellowed with humility of spirit, his ballads and tales have brought a freshness to contemporary literature which is more than stimulation, it is contagious. Born in Staffordshire, England, in 1880 he early set out to make a living with his pen. Educated at Oxford where he rowed with a winning crew, his versatility is still a slogan. He has not grown old and wise with the years, for he still sees beauty in the twilight and can hear the music of the wind in the heather.

With vivid imagination Alfred Noyes has recreated stirring scenes and romantic figures of the past. For his purpose he has made many

experiments with meter and rhyme. He has been likened unto a deft musician in command of a fully equipped organ for the shades of sound and feeling he produces in his songs. Tennyson and Swinbourne, Noyes accepts as his literary masters. Experience with the British fleet during the World War gave him the raciness of the sea. The classroom has added much to his human understanding for as a lecturer on modern poetry at Oxford in 1914 and Princeton in 1923 he was more than successful. It is said when Alfred Noyes read poetry at Princeton he held his class like a boat race. Students under the spell of his fine voice and dramatic interpretation fairly sat on the edges of their benches. His philosophy of teaching—the desirable thing to do is not to set students to writing verse but to living and loving it. To hear Alfred Noyes read "The Highwayman" is never to be forgotten, so say his students.

Every year marks new things from the pen of Alfred Noyes, some of them lovable simple things, some pretentious, some mere poetical recreations, some deeply significant in thought, but all marked with melody. "The Tales of a Mermaid Tavern" is one of the best known poems. The reader can almost see the immortal Elizabethans as they brought nightly to their rendezvous the news of the day, gossip of Elizabeth's court, the latest success of Bill Shakespeare and his actors, and the progress of England on the high seas. We can almost hear the old tavern shake with laughter as Ben Johnson with quip and satire passes comment on men and affairs, or disarms Bacon with his ponderous pedantry. Marlowe, Drayton, Dekker, Beaumont, Fletcher, Chapman, Raleigh, Bacon, all take part but perhaps most interesting is the literary gossip, the gossip of the theatres, because most of the Mermaid's guests were interested in the drama of the day.

"Forty Singing Seamen" is a ballad romance using the yarns of Prester John, a wandering sailor. The swinging melody is pungent of the sea and its adventures. In the "Highwayman" Noyes reveals another characteristic, the use of figurative language and repetition. The imagery is colorful and the cadence irresistible. "Drake" is a long metrical tale almost epical in nature. In this very ambitious poem Alfred Noyes has recorded the deeds of the great English seaman, Francis Drake. The poem is epical inasmuch as it records the epoch making spirit of the Elizabethan Age, the spirit of discovery and colonization which led to the expansiveness of the British Empire. In "Sherwood" the traditions of Robin Hood were collected and reproduced in romantic style. With all the variety of expression noted it is by two simple poems that the man and the poet lie best revealed "Newspaper Bay" and "The Barrel Organ."

Of the "Barrel-Organ" William Lyon Phelps says: "Out of the mechanical grinding of the hand-organ, with the accompaniment of city omnibuses, we get the very breath of spring in almost intolerable sweetness. The poem affects the head, the heart, and the feet. I defy any man or woman to read it without surrendering to the magic of the lines, the magic of old memories, the magic of the poet." It is sunset and an organ-grinder with his organ is on one of London's busiest corners. Tune after tune—some sad, some gay—sounds forth over the din of the traffic. The hurrying crowds must listen to the tunes—business men, clerk, laborer, society woman,

varsity man, loafer, woman of the street—each passer-by is moved in his own way by the music. Each lives over the younger, happier days which are now "in the land where the dead dreams go." The changing of the tune and the changing moods of the listeners is skillfully suggested by changing rhymes and rhythms. Between each tune is the lilting refrain: "Come down to Kew in lilac-time."

A new book of poems, "The Book of the Earth," is one of the most intense works attempted by the poet. In it the scheme follows the best expression of the ages. Beginning with the "Creation of the Earth" the poet sees and knows "that to the Inscrutable, Man must bow his head." Pythagorus, Aristotle, represent Greek culture and its gifts to man; the lives of the early Christian saints, the art of the Renaissance, the beginnings of science, all are noted. All are torch-bearers of civilization. Of more than passing interest in the volume is the chapter "Goethe, the Prophet." After drinking of the wisdom of the world he was taught the meaning of it all, he was given "A glimpse of the unknown light beyond the world." In the Epilogue to the poem is found the most exalted expression:

"Man is not exiled
New every morning the creative word
Moves upon chaos. Yea, our God grows young
Here, now the eternal miracle is renewed
Now, and forever, God makes heaven and earth."

Alfred Noyes has never assumed the role of a philosopher in his poems, yet his message to the world rings with the same simple directness as that of his national contemporary, Rudyard Kipling. For him God is still obvious in all things, "The world is all a fairy tale, but Oh, the tale is true!" To his generation he gives the thought:

"Kingdoms melt away like snow,
Gods are spent like wasting flames,
Hardly the new peoples know their
Divine, thrice worshipped names,
At the last great hour of all, when
thou makest all things new.
Father hear thy children call, Let
not love go too."

Guide to Preparation

A. Suggested topics for Lesson Assignments.
   1. A Literary El Dorado, Kipling's India.
   2. Kipling's Characters.
   3. Reading: "The Recessional."
   4. Selections from the poems of Kipling.
   5. Retold Story: "Wee Willie Winkie."
   6. Alfred Noyes, Balladeer.
   7. Selections from the poems of Alfred Noyes.

Guide to Reading

A. "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Captain Courageous."
   Kipling will appeal to all boys.
B. "Sherwood," Noyes.
   The spirit of Robin Hood is revived in this series of ballads.
C. "Tales of a Mermaid Tavern," Noyes.
   The lovers of Shakespeare will enjoy this glimpse of the great literary figures of the Elizabethan Age.
D. "The Years Between," Kipling.
   The volume of poems written after the World War reveals to the reader the depth of understanding which made Kipling the

poet of "The Recessional."
E. "Wee Willie Winkie." A story for the mothers of lonely little boys.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

LESSON V

MACHINE DOMINATION OF THE PRESENT AGE

Text: Civic Sociology, E. A. Ross, Chapters 3 and 4

THE two chapters used as a basis for this lesson are to be applied in the following way:

1. To understand to what extent our lives are controlled and dominated by the machine production of goods.

2. To understand the social forces drawing young people from rural to industrial city life.

3. To help young people to adjust intelligently to the problems of urban and rural life.

Of the recent social trends in American life perhaps the reorganization of industry is one of the most fundamental. The remarkable growth of cities is a part of the great industrial revolution. With the development of the machine age the entire pattern of life has changed, and with the reorganization of industry a new era has come into being. The home, no longer the center of economic production for the family, is often deserted by father, mother, and children for the lure of the pay envelope. Since many machines can be operated by children as efficiently as adults, and at but a fraction of the cost, the evil of child-labor has become prevalent, and especially in industrial centers. Factories and industries compete with the home for the time of the mother of a family. Economic necessity often allows no other choice. These industrial demands have brought about a thorough redistribution of population. There has been a constant decrease in the percentage of the people engaged in agriculture, and a rapid growth in industrial life in cities as a basis of organized industry. In 1790, about three per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities; today, over half of the people live in cities. The proportion in each state varies according to the amount of manufacturing done in that state. The relative importance of agricultural and manufacturing industries in their demands upon workers in the different states is shown by the following table of representative states, giving the distribution of population for 1930, according to the 1930 census. The table shows that a majority of the people of the country are living under the influences of the city.

State	*Rural*	*City*	*Per cent of people living in Cities*
Utah	241,583	266,264	52%
California ...	1,516,655	4,160,596	73
Idaho	315,525	129,507	29
Oregon	464,040	489,746	51
Washington .	678,856	884,539	56
Illinois	1,994,927	5,635,727	74
New York ...	2,066,114	10,521,952	83
Rhode Island.	52,068	635,429	92
New Mexico .	316,501	106,816	25
Arizona	285,717	149,856	34
Nevada	56,594	34,464	38
Colorado	515,909	519,882	50
Wyoming ...	155,468	70,097	31
United States.	53,820,223	68,754,823	56

Figures are not available showing the composition and characteristics, nor the distribution of population in Canada and Mexico. The total population of Canada is 10,376,786; and of Mexico, 16,552,722.

The demand for semi-skilled labor because of machine production, has brought about this constant migration from the country to the city. As pointed out in the text, the movement is chiefly among the young people and those of middle age, while the older and extremely young people are being left behind. The city, therefore, has such a large proportion of young people that it is becoming increasingly difficult for them to find occupation. The progressive domination of the machine age is making the vocational adjustment of these people an increasing hazard. Formerly it was taken for granted that the boy would follow in the footsteps of his father and the girl would get married and become a home-maker.

The resultant vocational adjustment of the young people is, therefore, a major responsibility resting upon parents. This responsibility assumes two phases: first, that of finding a specialized occupation for which the individual boy or girl is suited; and second, that of providing the proper education and training which fits him for success in this occupation. The difficulties which grow out of the improvement of processes and methods of industry, and the invention of labor-saving machinery present another problem which must be met. The invention of new labor-saving machines constantly displaces thousands of workers. This displacement often comes late in life after a worker has spent the greater part of a life-time learning a trade or occupation, and adjustment to another occupation is extremely difficult.

The first problem can be solved through a scheme of vocational guidance and counseling on the part of schools and parents. No longer can the son of a craftsman expect to follow the trade of his father by being an apprentice, a journeyman, and then a skilled artisan. The situation is described thus:

"For the great majority of young men and women the problem of finding an occupation is no longer simple. Only a very small percentage—even of the farmer's children—follow the parental example. In this rapidly changing industrial life today such a plan would not be possible for the majority, even if it were desirable. Consequently, most of our boys and girls look out upon the confusing and changing multitude of narrow, specialized occupational niches of modern industry and business, and through an awkward trial-and-error process seek the jobs that pay. What skill they happen to acquire, if they are fortunate enough to acquire any, they pick up in the course of wandering from one job to another. In this process many become "floaters"—on the job today and gone tomorrow. Many dissatisfied with their lot, bitter against the capitalistic system which they think keeps them down, find a sort of religious zeal in a war on capitalism."—Gillin, Dittmer, Colbert: *Social Problems,* p. 307.

From the point of view of those who live in the country, perhaps there has been too great an emphasis on the social and economic problems of the city. However, an important cause of the rapid growth of cities is the prevailing rural policy. If young people leave their country environment for the lure of the city, it is because rural life is not adequate to the needs of youth. The rural problem is the counterpart of the city problem. The community, to

hold its own in the eyes of youth, must assume the responsibility of supplying wholesome amusement, recreational activities, and the building of a community spirit. The labor of a young man on the farm should be just as productive as in a factory. However, he often fails to receive the tangible reward which he receives for his industrial labor in the city. New lands of a desirable nature no longer being available, a father can neither give his son a parcel of land as a reward for his boyhood labor; nor can the boy acquire it on his own part, as formerly. Therefore the old farm must either support a new generation of families, or the sons must seek employment elsewhere.

Agricultural life is faced with the need of more scientific and technical methods of farming, and of more efficient and costly equipment. Also, the problems of marketing are becoming so acute that some of the best thought of the nation is now being devoted to this problem. Agricultural producers must learn the lessons of cooperative marketing which are so well demonstrated by manufacturing associations. A reorganization of rural, economic, and social institutions must be accomplished to compete with the forces of the city.

The educational opportunities, as a basic foundation for life, must be enlarged to equal that given in the city. Much is already being done through consolidated schools and state equalization funds, but further vigilance is essential to ultimate success.

The high cost of land, the large expenditures of capital that modern operation requires makes the problem of ownership extremely difficult. "Closely cooperating farm communities may do much in the way of common joint ownership and use of machinery, community supplying of scientific knowledge in the shape of expert advisers, and community cooperation in obtaining the necessary credit for young farmers without means to begin the ownership of a farm. Something of this kind is being attempted by the State of California, the State providing the land, supplying the capital, equipment, and expert advisers, the owner paying for his farm by annual payments at a low rate of interest covering a long period of years. . . . Without some modification there is danger of a rural tenant peasantry supplanting altogether the independent farm-owning population which has been the basis of much of the best life of America."—Beach, *An Introduction To Sociology,* p. 257.

Activities

Make a study of the vocational help that has been given to the children in your own family with the view of helping them to adjust to the problem of earning a living. Unless the inquiry shows that something very definite on the part of the home and the school is being done, is it not true that we are negligent of our full duty? Discuss the results of your inquiry in class.

Mission Lessons

Health Lessons, 1935-36

LESSON VI. CONSTIPATION

THE waste product of our food is stored in the large bowel, just as we store the waste product of the kitchen in the garbage can. Nature maintains this living storage receptacle for much the same reason that we keep the garbage can, so that waste products may accumulate in a harmless condition until they can be conveniently disposed of.

The food in our stomach and intestine sustains a larger and larger number of bacteria as it moves onward, until the bulk of the waste, after the food element is mostly absorbed, is made up of remnants of food and bacteria in about equal amounts. These bacteria live on the remnants of our food, and many of them serve a useful purpose in the digestive process. But many of them are harmful, and they cause more damage if they are permitted to remain an undue time in the bowel after they have served their purpose. We absorb poisons from them which are detrimental to our health, and which may cause serious illness if we allow them to remain in the intestine at the body temperature, and in the presence of moisture. It is nature's intent that this waste should be eliminated from the body at least every 24 hours. If it is allowed to remain longer than that some mischief is sure in time to follow.

Many people are afflicted with constipation. This may be of any degree of severity, from a retention of two or three days, to one of many days, and sometimes of a number of weeks. People of sedentary life are more likely to develop it. Heredity also has much to do with it. Like many other ailments it seems to run in families. But by far the most common cause is neglect to attend regularly and at the proper time to the calls of nature. Improper selection of food may also be a causative factor. Such articles as cheese, strong tea with the tannic acid it contains, concentrated meat foods, etc., are causative agents. Failure to drink enough water is another cause.

To some variable extent a large percentage of the population of any country suffers from chronic constipation. It may cause indigestion, anemia, headaches, etc., and predispose them by its devitalizing influence to the more serious conditions of high blood pressure, kidney disease, etc. It also causes nervous troubles, especially the milder types of melancholia, and it sometimes seems to be the main cause back of insanity. By irritating the bowel over long periods of time it may be a fruitful cause of cancer of the colon.

How shall we cure ourselves of this serious condition if we are so unfortunate as to have developed it? We should take plenty of water. Now one will ask what is plenty of water? An average amount would be something like this: two glasses before breakfast, two before lunch, two before dinner, and one on retiring. In the summer when we are perspiring we need more, and in the winter less. A larger person would need more than a smaller person.

Again the person who has chronic constipation should eat freely of fruits of most any kind, and vegetables, especially those like cabbage,

string beans, and celery which have an abundance of indigestible cellulose in them. Brown bread, graham, or whole wheat, will be better than white bread for such a person. The writer of this article knew one prominent man who cured himself of chronic constipation, after almost everything else had been tried for years, by taking for his breakfast ordinary bran prepared like a cereal with milk and sugar, and taking no other food for the morning meal.

All these things may be helps, but the real cure for the great majority of people who have chronic constipation is of quite a different nature. There are many muscles concerned in the evacuation of the bowel, and they must all act in unison if the result is to be satisfactory. The muscles of our bodies are all capable of being trained to certain habits, if we persist in that training patiently and long enough. We should attend to that function once a day, and it should always be at the same time of the day whether there is any desire or not. The best time is after a meal, say the breakfast meal, because food in the stomach starts peristaltic waves along the bowel, and they move the content onward. Immediately after the breakfast meal, then we should task ourselves to attend to the bowel function, whether we have any desire or not. We should not miss any single day, because we are training the muscles of our bowel to a habit, and repetition at regular intervals is the way to form habits. We should never be in a hurry about this function. It is wise to take with you a book or a paper, and take plenty of time by entertaining yourself with what you are reading. There are very few cases of chronic constipation which may not be permanently cured by this method. But it must be carried out intelligently and persistently. After a time it will be such a mental habit that it becomes automatic in our daily routine, and requires little if any effort.

The use of purgatives and laxatives for constipation should be avoided wherever possible. Instead of curing the condition, they often tend to make it worse. They may give immediate relief but entail a weakened condition of the bowel which makes the constipation more stubborn than it was before. The mineral oils are least objectionable if any laxative must temporarily be used. There is the same objection to enemas, which should only be taken as an emergency measure. If we start out with the dominant idea that we are going to establish a definite habit, and work persistently and regularly to that end we will not fail. It is the one who gets discouraged easily and fails to persevere that will fail of success. Many, many people are struggling under the shadow because of this disease, when they might come out into the sunshine of happiness just by a little persistent effort.

Questions

Name the general causes of chronic constipation.

What other diseases are liable to follow in the wake of chronic constipation?

State what you can about the diet which should be followed by the subject of chronic constipation.

What about purgatives and laxatives for the subject of chronic constipation?

Describe the habit cure of chronic constipation.

State how constipation may cause cancer.

Why should the evacuation of the bowel follow the taking of a meal?

Thoughts at Eventide

WOMEN'S WORK

By George H. Clark

As we look back upon the years
When women's rights were few,
And men assumed to be their peers
In all there was to do;
We recognize an unjust pride
That ever made it so,
For, truly, women side by side
With man, should work and grow.

The first great women's work began
In eighteen forty-two,
Among that faithful Mormon band
Then living in Nauvoo;
'Twas there the prophet Joseph Smith,
Through heavenly inspiration,
Called them in and blessed them with
A women's organization.

The prophet clearly did foretell
What women's work should be,
They should endeavor to excel
In works of charity;
Should nurse the sick, feed the poor,
And comfort those bereft,
Then visit oft from door to door
Lest needy ones be left.

And of each member whom they chose
The prophet also prayed,
That confidences, when imposed,
Should never be betrayed;
That faith and works and trust in God
And love of all that's good,
Must ever faithfully be taught
To perfect womanhood.

From this beginning, then so small
Has grown a work so great,
That "Relief Society" withal
Is known in every state;
In times of war or times of peace
It struggles just the same,
To bring humanity relief
That's worthy of the name.

Yes, over seas as well as here
It's work of love has gone,
And while mortality endures
It will continue on;
Till people everywhere may know
That when this race began,
Women were designed to go
Hand in hand with man.

YUCCAS

Las Candelabras del Nuestre Senor
(The Candlesticks of Our Lord)

By Elzada C. Brinkerhoff

You stand in ever solemn piety,
You faintly tinted candlesticks—ten score.
For Christ, the Son, who died and rose once more,
You live, an emblem to eternity.
I think to happiness you hold the key.
Your shrined spires grow not on verdant shore;
The parched desert sod one must explore
To find a blossom half so fair to see.

O you, in never-ending reverence,
Keep sweet incensed cups to sky upturned.
On altar hills you stand a multitude
And always in a reverent attitude
As if to worship God you'd early learned—
You shame my idly slumbering conscience.

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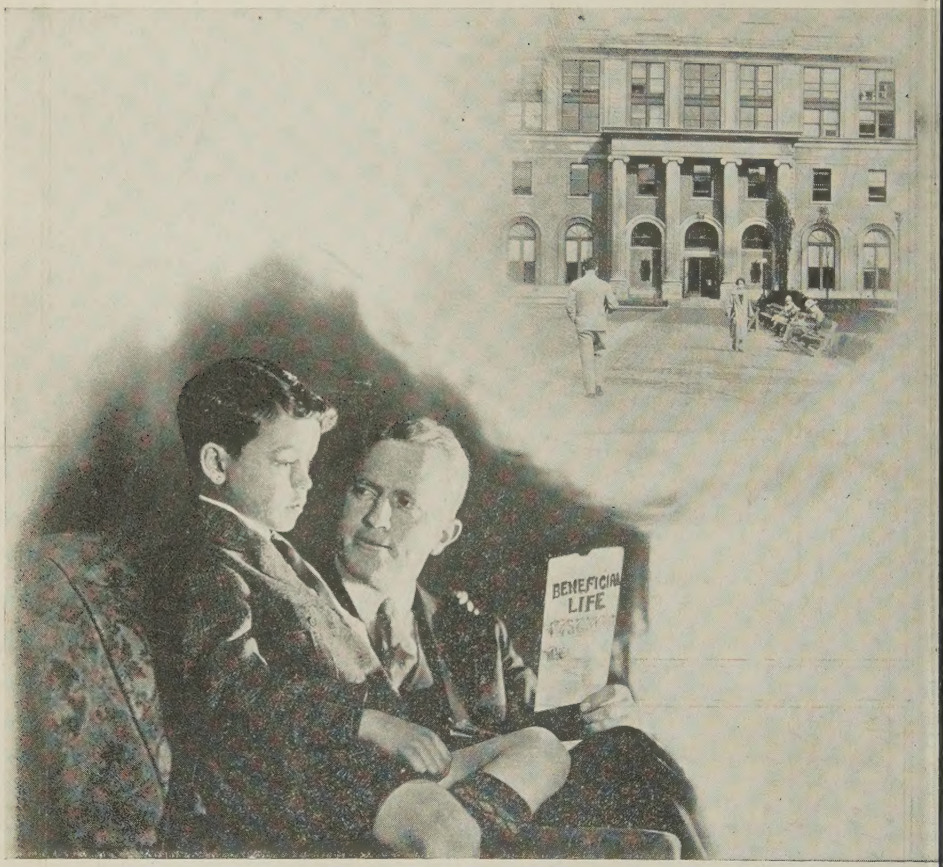

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